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Sidi Hali purchases his Sister & Mother from Slavery

Published as the Act directs Nov: 4 1793



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THE
TALES OF THE GENII;
OR, THE
DELIGHTFUL LESSONS
OF
Horam, the Son of Asmar.

FAITHFULLY TRANSLATED FROM THE
PERSIAN MANUSCRIPT;

And compared with the French and Spanish Editions
published at Paris and Madrid.

BY SIR CHARLES MORELL,

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MENTS in INDIA to the GREAT MOGUL.

VOL. IV.

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THE

TALES OF THE GENII.

*The Continuation of the Tales of the Enchanters;
or Misnar, the Sultan of the East.*

ON a sudden the moon, which shone exceedingly bright, was overcast, and the clouds appeared of a glowing red, like the fiery heat of a burning furnace; hollow murmurs were heard at a distance, and a stench arose of a putrid and suffocating smell, when in the midst of the fiery clouds a black form appeared of an haggard and distorted female, furiously riding on a bulky and unwieldy monster with many legs.

In an instant the clouds to the east disappeared, and the heavens from that quarter shone like the meridian sun, and discovered a lovely, graceful nymph, the brightness of whose features expressed the liveliest marks of meekness, grace, and love.

“Hyppacusan,” said the amiable fair one, addressing herself to the hag, “why wilt thou

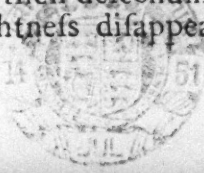
vainly brandish thy rebellious arms against the powers of Heaven! If the sultan, though he be a favourite of Alla, do wrong, the mighty One, who delighteth in justice, will make thee the instrument of his vengeance on the offending prince. But know the extent of thy power, vain woman! and presume not to war against the will of Heaven, lest the battle of the faithful Genii be set in array against thee, and thou be joined to the number of those who are already fallen."

"Proud vassal of light," answered the enchantress Hyppacusan, "I fear not thy threats, nor the bright pageants that surround thee; war, tumult, chaos, darkness, fear, and dismay, are to me more welcome than the idle splendors of thy master's heavens: for know, spruce-gilded spirit, I had rather inhabit the gloomy caverns of death, and brood over the mangled carcases of the slain, than sit with slaves like thee in the soft, tasteless bowers of paradise."

"Graceless and abandoned wretch," answered the bright fair one, "defile not thy Maker's creations by thy blasphemous tongue, but learn at least to fear that mighty One thou art not worthy to honour."

Thus saying, she blew from her mouth a vivid flame, like a sharp two-edged sword, which entering into the red clouds which surrounded Hyppacusan, the hag gave an horrible shriek, and the thick clouds rolling around her, she flew away into the western darkness.

The fair one then descending towards the sultan, the brightness disappeared, and Mispar,



nar, the vizir, and his guards, fell prostrate before her.

"Arise, Misnar," said she, "Heaven's peculiar favourite, and fear not to enter the tomb where the enchantments of Hyppacusian are now at end."

The sultan was about to answer; but the fair one led the way to the tomb, and commanded the sultan to enter with her, and uncover the stone-case which stood at the upper end.

As the lid was removing, a sigh issued from the case, and an exquisite beauty arose as from a deep sleep.

"Adorable fair one," said the sultan kneeling, "inform me whom it is my happy fate to release from this wretched confinement."

"Alas!" answered the beauteous maid, "art thou the vile Bennaskar, or still more vile Mahoud! O let me sleep till death, and never more behold the wretchedness of life!"

"What," said the sultan, starting from his knees, "do I behold the unfortunate Princess of Cassimir!"

"Illustrious Hemjunah," said the vizir Horam, as the princess stared wildly about her, "Misnar, the sultan of India, is before thee."

"Yes," interrupted the fair spirit, "doubt not, Hemjunah, the truth of the vizir Horam, for behold Macoma, thy guardian Genius, assures thee of the reality of what you behold."

"Helper of the afflicted," answered the princess of Cassimir, "doubt vanishes when you are present; but wonder not at my in-

credulity, since my whole life has been as a false illusion before mine eyes. O Alla, wherefore hast thou made the weakest the most subject to deceit !”

“ To call in question the wisdom of Alla,” answered the genius Macoma, “ is to act like the child of folly, arrayed in the garments of reason ; go, then, thou mirror of justice and understanding, and span with thy mighty arms the numberless heavens of the faithful ! weigh in thy just balance the wisdom of thy Maker, and the fitness of his creation, and joined with the evil race, from whom I have preserved thee, rail at that goodness thou canst not comprehend—”

“ Spare me, just Genius,” answered the princess of Cassimir, “ spare the weakness of my disordered head ; I confess the folly of my thoughts, but weak is the offspring of weakness.”

“ True,” replied the Genius ; “ but although you are weak, ought you therefore to be presumptuous ? Knowest thou not that the sultan Misnar suffered with you because he despaired, and now would Hyppacusan return thee to thy former slumbers, did not Alla, who has beheld thy former sufferings, in pity forgive the vain thoughts of mortality.”

“ Blessed is his goodness,” answered the princess, “ and blessed are his servants, who delight in succouring and instructing the weak and distressed.”

“ To be sorry for our errors,” said the Genius, “ is to bring down the pardon of Heaven ; and Hemjunah, though so long over-

overpowered by the malicious, is nevertheless amongst the loveliest of her sex. But I shall not anticipate the fair one's relation of her own distresses, since they best can describe the misfortunes of life who have been used to feel them.

"Sultan of India," continued Macoma, turning to Misnar, "I leave the princess of Cassimir to your care, in full assurance that the delicacy of her sentiments will not be offended by your royal and noble treatment of her. But let an ambassador be immediately dispatched from your court, to inform her aged and pious father of the safety of his daughter."

"The dictates of Macoma," answered the sultan, bowing before her, "are the dictates of virtue and humanity, and her will shall be religiously obeyed."

At these words the genius vanished, and the sultan bid part of his guards return to Delly, to the chief of his eunuchs, and order him to prepare a palanquin, and proper attendants, to convey the princess of Cassimir to the royal palace.

While these preparations were making, the sultan and his vizir endeavoured to soothe and entertain the princess of Cassimir; and though Horam was desirous of hearing her adventures, yet the sultan would not suffer him to request Hemjunah's relation, till she was carried to the palace, and refreshed after her fatigues.

The chief of the eunuchs arrived in a short time, and the princess was conveyed, ere
morn-

ing, to the palace of Misnar, where the female apartments were prepared for her reception, and a number of the first ladies of Delly appointed to attend her.

The sultan, in the mean time, having ordered the fakir to be released, and sent out of the city, entered the divan with his vizir, and having dispatched the complainants, retired to rest.

In the evening of the same day, the princess being recovered from her fatigue, sent the chief of the eunuchs to the sultan, and desired leave to throw herself at his feet in gratitude for her escape.

The sultan received the message with joy, and ordering Horam his vizir to be called, they both went into the apartments of the females, where the princess of Cassimir was seated on a throne of ivory, and surrounded by the slaves of the seraglio.

The princess descended from her throne at the approach of the sultan, and fell at his feet; but Misnar taking her by the hand, "Rise, adorable princess," said he, "and injure not your honour, by thus abasing yourself before your slave."

"Fame," answered the princess, "which generally increases the virtues of the great, can represent but part of the merit of the sultan of India; they who have not seen him, can form no true judgement of his perfection."

"Could flattery," answered the sultan, "be ever pleasing to me, it must be from the mouth of the princess of Cassimir; but I mean to turn your thoughts from me to a more worthy

worthy subject, where you may safely lavish your praises, without fearing to exaggerate. The lovely Hemjunah has promised to relate her wonderful adventures, and Horam the faithful friend of my bosom, and our former fellow-sufferer, is come to partake with me in the charming relation."

"Prince," said Hemjunah, "I shall not conceal what you are so desirous of knowing."

The sultan then waved his hand, and the slaves withdrew.

T A L E VIII.

The History of the Princess of Cassimir.

"IT is often," said the princess of Cassimir, "the fate of the greatest, to have their private interest sacrificed to the public good. Glory and honour in your sex, O prince! are motives which make this sacrifice the less lamented; but in ours, we have no way of becoming useful to the public, but by joining hands where hearts are rarely consulted. Such was to have been my fate. Ere I had attained my thirteenth year, my father proposed to marry me to the prince of Georgia. It was in vain that, when my mother disclosed the fatal news to me, I urged my youth, and my entire ignorance of the prince or his qualities.

'My child,' said Chederazade, 'to make ourselves happy, we must be useful to the world. The prince of Georgia has done your father great services in the wars, and you are de-

destined to reward his toils; all the subjects of Cassimir will look upon your choice as a compliment to them, and they will rejoice to see their benefactor blessed with the hand of their princess.'

'But, Madam,' answered I, 'does the happiness of my father's subjects require such a sacrifice in me? Must I live in a country to whose language and manners I am a stranger? Must I be for ever banished! and must the realms of Cassimir look upon me as a monster, whose absence alone can effect their comfort and glory? O, where will be the soft intercourse of hearts, or the mutual pleasures of love, in a match with such a stranger!'

'The idle dreams of love,' said my mother Chederazade, 'were invented by the evil Genii, to increase the number of the children of disobedience; sound reason and policy acknowledge no such intruder; convenience should first beget alliance, and mutual affection must be the fruit of mutual intercourse. The flame of love is subdued by caprice, by satiety, by disgust and reflection, and the strongest band either of private or public societies must be interest and utility. These, Hemjunah, are sufficient reasons to engage your compliance with your father's desire, and these will influence you, if prudence and wisdom are the motives of your choice; and if you want prudence, it is fit those who are able to instruct you, should also guide and direct your actions.'

"At these words, Chederazade left me bathed in tears, and trembling at my fate.

"My

"My nurse Eloubrou was witness to the hard command my mother had imposed upon me, and endeavoured to comfort me in my affliction; but her words were but as the wind on the surface of the rock: and to add to my griefs, in a few minutes after, the chief of the eunuchs entered the seraglio, and bid me prepare to receive the sultan my father.

"The sultan of Cassimir entering my apartment, I fell at his feet.

'Hemjunah,' said he, 'the prince of Georgia is my friend, and I intend to give my daughter to his arms.'

"Shocked at these successive declarations of my fate, which I had no reason to suspect the day before, I fainted away; and when I recovered, found myself on a sofa, with Eloubrou lying at my feet.

'My lovely princess,' said Eloubrou, 'how little am I able to see you thus, and yet I fear the news I have to impart to you may reduce you to your former condition!'

'Alas,' said I, 'nurse, what new evil has befallen me; what worse can happen, than my marriage with a stranger?'

'Princess,' replied Eloubrou, my nurse, 'the prince is to see you this night; nay, the ceremonies are preparing, the changes of vestment, the desert, and the choral bands.'

'Ah,' said I, 'nurse, cruel Eloubrou, what hast thou said! Am I to be sacrificed this night to my father's policy? Am I to be given as a fee to the plunderer of cities and ravisher of virgins? for such are they whose profession is arms.'

'No,

‘No, most adorable princess,’ said a young female slave, who attended on Eloubrou; ‘trust but to me, and the prince of Georgia shall in vain seek the honour of your alliance.’

“The faithful Eloubrou shrieked at the words of the female slave, and endeavoured to clap her hands, and to bring the chief of the eunuchs to her assistance; but the female slave waved her hand, and Eloubrou, and the rest of her slaves, stood motionless before her.

‘Most adorable princess,’ said she, ‘I am the friend of the distressed, and I love to prevent the severe and ill-natured authority of parents; give me your hand, and I will deliver you from that monster the prince of Georgia.’

‘What,’ answered I, ‘shall I trust to a stranger, whom I know not, and fly from my father’s court! No——’

‘Well then,’ said she, ‘I hear the cymbals playing before the prince, and the trumpets, and the kettle-drums; farewell, sweet mistress of the fierce and unconquerable prince of Georgia.’

“As she spake, the warlike music sounded in my ears; and not doubting but the prince and my father were coming, I held out my hand to the female slave, and said, ‘Save me, O save me from my father’s frown.’

“The slave eagerly snatched my hand, and blowing forth a small vapour from her mouth, it filled the room, and we arose in a cloud.

“The manner of my flight from my father’s palace I know not, as I immediately fainted; but as soon as I recovered, I found myself in
a mag-

a magnificent apartment, and a youth standing before me.

‘Charming and adorable Hemjunah,’ said he, falling at my feet, ‘may I hope that the service I have performed, in delivering you from the prince of Georgia, will merit your attention?’

‘Alas,’ said I, ‘what hast thou performed? Who art thou, bold man, that durst stand before the princess of Cassimir?—Eloubrou,’ said I, ‘faithful Eloubrou, where art thou? Where is Pickfag, the chief of my eunuchs? Where are my slaves? Where are the guards of the seraglio?’

‘Princess,’ answered the young man, ‘fatigue not yourself with calling after them; since they are in the kingdom of Cassimir, and you are in the house of Bennaskar, the merchant of Delly. But not to keep you in suspense, O princess, know that I have for several years traded from Cassimir to Delly, and although I never saw you till lately, yet the fame of your opening beauties was so great, that it fired the hearts of all the young men in your father’s kingdom. Every time I arrived at Cassimir, the subject of all conversation was the adorable princess Hemjunah, and it was in vain any other beauty was mentioned.

‘Fired by these encomiums, I resolved to see you, or die. For this purpose I attempted at different times the faith of the guards, the eunuchs, and even of Eloubrou, your nurse; but in vain: your faithful servants were deaf to my entreaties. Finding human policy fruitless, I sought after those who have power in en-

chantments; but I began to doubt even the reality of these, as I could no where hear of any one who professed magic.

‘As I was one day returning from my warehouse, I heard one call me by name, and looking behind, I perceived a female dressed in a dark-coloured mantle, with a veil upon her face: ‘Bennaskar,’ said she, ‘follow me.’

‘As we are always apt to hope every unexpected adventure will lead us to the wished-for point, so I had no doubt but the female behind me was apprized of my desires, and willing to forward them. I therefore gathered up my garments, and followed her through several streets.

‘At length the female stopped at the door of a large house: when I expected the door would have been opened to her, she sunk into the earth, and disappeared from my sight.

‘I waited at the door of the house till night, every moment expecting to see it open, or that the female would appear again.

‘But my hope was vain; and after several hours expectation, I was obliged to return to my lodging, full of vexation and disappointment.

‘The next morning I arose, and went into the street, and saw the same female beckoning to me; I hesitated not a moment to follow her.

‘She is certainly,’ said I to myself, ‘possessed of supernatural powers; and as she has taken notice of me, I will shew myself obedient to her commands.’

‘ She led me again by the same way to the house before which I had spent the greater part of the preceding day ; and as soon as we arrived there, sunk again into the ground.

‘ Though I was heartily vexed at this second illusion, yet I resolved to stay on the spot, till night and the city guard made my stay impossible.

‘ But night came without satisfying my curiosity ; I returned again to my lodgings, and knew no more than at first, the meaning of the female’s appearance.

‘ The third day I proceeded as usual to my warehouses, and as I was about to unlock them, saw the female again in the market-place, beckoning to me as before.

‘ As I had now entered into her service, so I resolved to continue in it, and therefore went behind her to the house, which I remembered well, having contemplated its front two days successively.

‘ The female stopped as before, at the entrance of the house, and sunk a third time into the earth.

‘ But I will not tire your patience, adorable princess, with a minute relation of my fatigues ; for eleven days successively was I thus deceived, and on the twelfth, as I was standing in my usual place, several slaves issued out with chaboucs, saying, that I was a thief, and had for some time been seen lurking about and examining the house.

‘ Though I assured them I was a merchant, I did not find the chabouc come the slower on my back ; wherefore, supposing it vain to re-

list, I ran as fast as I could from them, and as fear and pain are excellent remedies against sloth, so I found I had soon left the slaves behind me.

‘ Having entered my lodging, I began to lament my fate, and the cruelty of her who had so often deceived me. But in the midst of my lamentations I felt the room shake, and in an instant saw the female rise through the floor, and stand before me.

‘ Bennaskar,’ said she, ‘ I am Ulin, the friend of the distressed, and the helper of all those who will put their confidence in my enchantments; I have long watched your motions, and know your thoughts; and, willing to try your faith in the magic arts, I have thus often deceived you. Alla requires a reasonable worship from his votaries; but we, who love to contradict him in all things, expect in our dependants a blind and obsequious obedience.’

‘ Princess, or Genius, or whatever thou art,’ answered I, ‘ give but Hemjunah to my arms, and my life shall be spent as you direct.’

‘ If I find you faithful,’ answered Ulin, ‘ you shall ere to-morrow’s sun depart hence, and have the princess in your possession.’

‘ Ulin then declared to me what she expected, in return for her goodness to me, and I swore to act in obedience to her commands.

‘ Go, happy bridegroom,’ said Ulin, ‘ and prepare thy palace at Delly; my slaves shall carry thee thither, and I in the mean time will personate one of the slaves of the palace of Cassimir, and doubt not, but ere the promised time,

time, I will convey the princess to thy palace.'

'She then muttered with her lips, and a tall black slave arose through the floor.

'Carry my friend,' said Ulin, 'to Delly, and heap in his treasury a large portion of my niceties.'

'The black slave took me in his arms, and in an instant I found myself in the saloon of this palace; and this day my mistress Ulin has fulfilled her promise, and brought the lovely Hemjunah to my arms.'

'Merchant,' answered I, 'talk not so boldly; it would better become you to apprize the sultan of India of my arrival, that I may be carried to the sultan's my father.'

'Nay, pretty princess,' answered Bennaskar, 'be not so imperious, but recollect that you are at my disposal.'

'Wretch,' said I, 'Mahomet will never suffer thee to destroy the innocence of one who never offended thee.'

'Alas!' answered he, 'Mahomet would be well set to work, to prevent all the evils of this world. No, no, my princess, we are secure here, and I fear no interruption while Ulin is my friend.'

'And what promise didst thou make her?' returned I; 'what hast thou given up, to make such a wretch of me as you seem to wish?'

'That,' said Bennaskar, 'you will shortly see; nay, you shall see it this instant, if you will but vouchsafe, adorable Hemjunah, to ascend the bridal chamber.'

‘ Infamous wretch,’ said I, bursting into tears, ‘ how durst thou make use of such expressions!’

‘ Nay,’ continued the wretch, ‘ I must be plain with you, madam; either attend me with cheerfulness, or expect to be compelled.’

‘ O,’ said I, with an aching and distracted heart, ‘ where is my dear mother Chederazade! Where is my royal father, the sultan of Cassimir! Where the millions of subjects that doat on their lord! that his daughter must be ravished by a vile merchant, and there is none to help her!’

“ The wicked Bennaskar paid no regard to my tears, but, taking me in his arms, carried me by force out of the room where first we met.

“ I filled the house with my cries and lamentations, but in vain; Bennaskar still continued to carry me through several apartments, and was deaf to my tears, my cries, and my prayers.

“ Seeing my honour thus at the disposal of an hardened wretch, the creature of a vile magician, a sudden thought came into my head, which I hoped would at least put off for a short time the villainous intentions of the dishonourable merchant.

“ O Bennaskar,” said I, “ why do you thus hurry me, like a criminal and a slave, through your apartments? Surely you will not dishonour the royal blood of my family; let me loose from your arms, and send for the cadi, that since it is my fate to be the consort of Bennaskar,

naskar, I may at least have a writing of marriage.'

'No, no, princess,' answered the fierce, cruel wretch, 'our sex seldom desire the trouble of marriage contracts, to prolong the days of impatience, when we have the fair in possession without them; to-morrow we shall have leisure to talk of those matters; but the present moments are too precious to waste in needless forms.'

"As the villain said this, he arrived with me in a vaulted chamber, where releasing me from his arms, he secured the entrance."

'And now, princess,' continued the wretch, 'I am bound to perform my promise to Ulin, before I take possession of your charms.'

"Though I was dumb with terror and vexation, yet I hoped for a short release from the words of the vile merchant; nor was I deceived; Bennaskar took the lamp from the center of the chamber, and sprinkled a little powder on the flame, and repeated these, or the like words.

'Silly guardian of Hemjunah's virtue, hasten hither, and behold the triumphs of Ulin thy foe.'

"At these words the apartment shook, and the countenance of Bennaskar fell; but a voice issuing out of the wall, cried, 'Bennaskar, seize thy prey, and fear not the harmless presence of my foe Macoma.'

"The vile merchant then seized me in his arms, and was about to lead me to his detested bed; when, in a gentle cloud, a venerable and majestic

majestic personage descended into the apartment.

‘Unhappy princess of Cassimir,’ said she, ‘how has thy imprudence weakened my power and destroyed thine own safety! If thou hadst not yielded to the false female slave, the sorceress Ulin had not triumphed over thee and me; but now she has given thee into the power and possession of Bennaskar, and I am not permitted to rescue thee from the clutches of this detested merchant.’

‘Then,’ said Bennaskar, (who before was awed by the presence of the Genius Macoma) ‘Hemjunah is my own, and my faithful Ulin has not deceived me. Come,’ continued the abandoned villain, ‘come, princess, let us divert your guardian Genius with your connubial rites.’

“At these words, exerting all his strength, the villain threw me beneath him; but his triumph was but short, for the Genius advancing, immediately touched him with her wand, and said —

‘Wretched slave of iniquity, think not Heaven will suffer thee to complete the cursed purpose of thy black heart. Though I am not permitted to rescue the princess, yet have I power over thee, base tool of sin: therefore, whenever you look upon the princess, you shall deprive her of sensation, and yourself be deprived of desire.’

‘Then,’ cried Bennaskar, ‘rising and turning from me, ‘I will at present disappoint thy power, till I receive my commands from the mouth of Ulin, the mistress of my fate.’

“Ah,”

‘Ah!’ cried the enchantress Ulin, who that moment entered the vaulted chamber from the closet (which, my prince, you have heard described by Mahoud) ‘what hast thou done, thou enemy of our race! Accursed and fatal neglect, that I had not at first secured Bennaskar from thy power! But since the inexorable word is gone forth, I will add to thy sentence.

‘Here,’ continued she, stamping with her foot, and an ugly dwarf arose through a trap-door in the chamber, ‘Negro, be it thy business to attend my servant Bennaskar; and whenever thou seest that female deprived of sensation, do you bury her in the earth beneath this chamber.—And, Bennaskar,’ continued the enchantress, ‘do you take this phial, and whenever you want to converse with this stubborn female, let one of your slaves, whom you can trust, pour part of the liquor into her mouth, and she shall recover; only retire yourself into the closet, that you be not seen of her, at least till she consent to your will, for then the enchantments of Macoma shall no longer prevail against you.’

‘The enchantments,’ said Macoma, ‘O wretched Ulin, are not yet complete; there is yet a moment left, and both our powers over Hemjunah and Bennaskar will be at an end.

‘Therefore thus shall it be; although Bennaskar is possessed of the princess, yet shall these apartments be hidden from the sight of all men, except on that day when thy evil race prevails. On the full of the moon only shall Ben-

Bennaskar be able to explore these rooms; and fear not, amiable Hemjunah,' said the Genius, addressing herself to me, 'for neither force nor enchantment shall work your ruin without your own consent; and although Mahomet, displeased at your late imprudence, for a time permits this enchantment, yet at length, if you continue faithful and virtuous, he will assuredly deliver you.'

"At these words Bennaskar turned towards me, with anger and disappointment in his eye; and immediately I was seized with a deep sleep, and what passed afterwards I know not.

"I found myself awakened by the descent of some liquor in my mouth, and saw a black slave standing before me. At the same time the voice of Bennaskar issued forth from the closet.

'Ill-fated princess Hemjunah, thy tyrant Genius hath now hidden thee a month from my sight, while thy friend Ulin and Bennaskar seek to restore thee to light and to life; say but therefore thou wilt yield to my will, and the enchantments of Macoma will be destroyed.'

'Wretched Bennaskar,' answered I, 'I knew not that my sleep had continued a month; but if it be so long since I saw the princess Macoma in this chamber, I thank Mahomet that he hath so long hidden me from the persecutions of Bennaskar.'

'Haughty princess,' answered the vile Bennaskar from the closet, my slave shall inspire you with humbler words.' Whereupon he
ordered

ordered the black slave to give me fifty lashes with the chabouc.

“ But it is needless, O prince, to repeat the various designs of that wretch; for three months was I thus confined, and Bennaskar having exercised, through the hands of his slave, the cruelties of his heart, used at length, (when he found me persist in my resolution) to come forth, and by his presence deprive me of sensation.

“ The adventures of the third month you have heard from the mouth of Mahoud; I shall therefore only continue my adventures from the time that he left me with the book in my hand.

“ Bennaskar seeing his friend Mahoud had left him, went out, and soon returned again with him, and taking him into the closet, in a moment went forth, and touching me, he said, ‘ Come, fair princess, the enchantments of Macoma are now at an end, and thou art given up entirely to the possession of Bennaskar.’

“ I shrieked at his words, hoping the radi would hear me, but in vain; Bennaskar rose with me through the vaulted roof, and I found myself with him in a wide-extended plain.

‘ Wretch,’ said the Genius Macoma, who that moment appeared, ‘ hast thou dared to disobey my commands, and remove the princess from the vaulted chamber, where even thy mistress yielded to my power! but I thank thee; what the imprudent Mahoud could not accomplish against thee, thou hast effected thyself.’

“ As

"As she spake, the form of Bennaskar perished from the face of the plain, and his body crumbled to atoms, and mixed with the dust of the earth; but from his ashes the enchantress Ulin arose, and with an enraged visage turned towards me, and said:

'Thou art still the victim of my power; and since Bennaskar is no more, go, sweet princess, and join thy delicate form to the form of thy preserver Mahoud, whom I designed for the flames; but my will being opposed, he is rescued from thence, and now defiles the air of Tarapajan with his pestiferous breath.'

"Such, sultan of India, were the consequences of my imprudence; and thus are our sex, by the smallest deviation, often led through perpetual scenes of misery and distress."

"Lovely princess of Cassimir," said the sultan Misnar, "I have felt more anxiety during this short interval in which you have related your adventures, than in all the campaigns I have made. But suffer us, O princess, to add a farther trouble to you by a second request, for I am anxious to hear by what misfortune you were inclosed in the tomb of death, as I was to know in what manner you were subjected to the villainous cruelties of the wretch Bennaskar."

"The tale, O prince," said the fair Hemjunah, is wonderful; "but alas! new indiscretions drew upon me the severities I have experienced."

"As soon as, by our restoration to our pristine forms, we were apprised of your victory

tory over the enchantress Ulin, I found myself in the seraglio of my father's palace.

"In the apartment from which I was taken by the wicked enchantress, I beheld my nurse Eloubrou. She was prostrate on the ground, and the palace was filled with her cries.

'Faithful Eloubrou,' said I, 'arise, and look upon thy beloved Hemjunah; where is my royal father Zebenezer, and the fond Chederazade, the mother of my heart?'

"Eloubrou, at my voice, started up like one awakened from a trance.

'What is it—' said she in emotion, 'what is it I behold! Art thou the departed shade of my once-loved Hemjunah?'

'No shade,' said I, 'beloved Eloubrou,' running to her, 'but the true princess of Cassimir, whom Misnar, the sultan of India, hath rescued from the enchantments of the wicked Ulin.'

'O that thy royal mother,' said Eloubrou, 'were, like me, blessed with the sight of thy return!'

'What,' said I, 'Eloubrou, what dost thou say? Where, then, is the much-honoured Chederazade! Where is the dear parent of my life?'

'Alas,' said Eloubrou, 'who shall tell the dismal tale to thy tender heart!'

'Ah!' said I, 'is my beloved mother no more? Is she gone to seek her disobedient daughter over the burning lake?'

"At these words my spirits failed, and I sunk motionless to the ground.

“ But my lord must forgive me if I hasten over the dreadful scene that followed. The report of Eloubrou was too true ; Chederazade, the dearest Chederazade, had been ten days dead when I was restored to my father's palace ; and Zebenezer, distracted at the double loss of his consort and his child, had shut himself up in the tomb of my mother.

“ Eloubrou hastened to the tomb wherein my father poured forth his tears, and acquainted the guards who watched without, that I was returned.

“ The sorrowful Zebenezer, although he was rejoiced at the news, resolved not to come forth out of his consort's tomb till the month was expired, according to his oath ; and gave orders, that during that interval I should be obeyed by his subjects.

“ My mourning was not less severe than my royal father's ; I shut myself up in my apartments, and would suffer none but Eloubrou to see me.

“ Nine days passed in silence ; our loss affected both, and Eloubrou was as little disposed as myself to forget the cause of her griefs.

“ The tenth morning Eloubrou was called out by the grand vizir, who then had the command of my father's kingdom.

“ She returned in haste.

‘ Princess of Cassimir,’ said she, ‘ one who calleth himself Mahoud, inquires for thee ; and the grand vizir, understanding that he was instrumental in your release, waits without to know your will.’

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"At the name of Mahoud I started from my reverie.

'Mahoud,' said I, 'O Eloubrou, deserves my notice, and the son of the jeweller of Delly shall be rewarded for his services to your mistress.'

'Alas,' answered Eloubrou, 'my lovely mistress is distracted with sorrows, and supposes the prince Mahoud to be the offspring of a slave!'

'If he be a prince,' answered I, 'he has hitherto concealed his circumstances and birth from me, or he is not that Mahoud whom I remember in the desarts of Tarapajan.'

'That,' answered Eloubrou, 'you will soon discover when you see him; but,' continued she, 'he desires a private audience.'

'Well, then,' replied I, 'introduce him, Eloubrou; but let my slaves be ready to enter at my call.'

"Eloubrou obeyed, and brought the merchant Mahoud into my presence, and then retired.

"Mahoud fell at my feet, and said:

'Forgive, O loveliest creation of Alla! my presumption in approaching the throne of Cassimir, and that I have added hypocrisy to my boldness, by assuming the title of a prince, which I confess I have no pretension to take upon me, nor abilities to support.'

'What, then,' answered I sternly, 'has induced you to deceive my court?'

'Let death,' said Mahoud, falling again before me, 'let death atone for my crime; but

first permit me to explain the motives of my presumption.'

'Proceed,' said I.

'As soon,' continued Mahoud, 'as our unnatural transformation was at an end, I perceived myself in the capital of Delly, near the very house into which Bennaskar invited me; the sight of that detested place gave wings to my feet, and I ran forward, indifferent where I went, to avoid that spot, till I came into the street wherein I had spent my father's fortune. A crowd of attendants waited at the house, which now was possessed by a more fortunate inhabitant.

'Sick of the sight, I flew onward, in hopes of finding in a different quarter a place of rest; but in turning down a little alley, I came out upon the area, where the cadi had condemned me to the flames.

'At the sight of this place my blood curdled, and my hair stood an end: Ah! said I, unhappy Mahoud, the capital of Delly will renew thy distresses, by refreshing thy memory with unfortunate scenes; and as thou hast no dependence here, since thy sultan is with his army in the field, why shouldest not thou join thyself to the troops that daily march out of the city; and when thou art arrived at the camp, throw thyself at the feet of the sultan Misnar.'

'Full of these thoughts I advanced towards the royal parade, and offered my services to the captain of one of the troops that were drawn out in the square.

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‘The captain readily accepted my offer, and I was enrolled among the number of my sultan’s forces.

‘Fortunately for me, the troop was then drawn out, in order to be sent to the main army; and being furnished with an horse, I went with my companions, and before night we joined the encampment.

‘Immediately I flew toward the royal pavilion, and fortunately met the vizir Horam with his attendants, going to the sultan.

‘I threw myself at his feet, and told him who I was; but the proud vizir spurned me from him with his foot, and bid the guards chastize me.’

Here the sultan looked sternly at his vizir, and Horam stood in silent amazement.

The princess, although she saw the emotions of the sultan and his vizir, yet still continued her adventures without interruption.

*The continuation of the Tale of the Princess
of Cassimir.*

“MAHOUD,” said the Princess, proceeded thus:

‘Seeing I had no hopes of favour or protection from the vizir Horam, I flew to the royal tent, and as the sultan came forth to meet his vizir, I fell prostrate before him; but, alas! the pride of greatness casts a film over the eyes of all men.

‘The sultan Misnar hearing me speak of his transformation and my own, commanded

his troops to cast that liar forth out of the camp.'

At these words the countenance of Misnar changed, and he said, "Judge, O princess! from the actions of Misnar, whether that rebel lied before thee or not. When I heard from your mouth that Horam had spurned him with his foot, I was enraged at my vizir; but now I am convinced he has alike traduced us both."

"I will not," said the princess Hemjunah, "anticipate my tale, the sequel will satisfy both my sultan and his vizir."

'I was immediately,' continued Mahoud, 'carried to the extremity of the cavity, and turned out with hissings and abuse.'

'I fled as fast as my feet would permit, and in a few hours joined a caravan, who, fortunately for me, were journeying to Cassimir.'

'During my journey hither, O princess! I lived on the alms of merchants, and at my arrival found the capital in confusion. I heard that your royal father Zebenezer was retired, that my lovely princess saw none but Eloubrou, the partner of her afflictions, and that the vizir Hobaddan directed every thing.'

'Ah, said I to myself, is there then no way of seeing the princess but through the indulgence of her prime vizir; and what hope have I that he will hearken to the tale of an unknown beggar, when Horam would not acknowledge the brother of his afflictions!'

'In this distress I knew not where to turn, but happily one saw my afflictions. A merchant who was standing in his shop, and had observed

observed me lift up my eyes to Heaven, called out, and said, Young man, what is the cause of your excessive afflictions? I looked round and saw the merchant; and as I was going up to him, fortune inspired me with a tale that softened his heart.

‘I told him that I was a prince, and well known to you, O glory of Cassimir! and that if he would, only for the space of one day, furnish me with a proper habit and attendants, to appear before you, O princess! I would pay him tenfold for his kindness.’

‘It is not likely, said the merchant, that a prince and a beggar should be one and the same person; but as I have taken the pains to inquire into your affairs, I will furnish you as you desire; upon condition, that if you are not what you say, you shall go before the cadi, and bind yourself to me for ten years as my slave.’

‘Being hard pressed by penury and want, I readily embraced the merchant’s offer. We went before the cadi; I signed the conditions, that being properly furnished by the merchant to appear before the princess, if the princess of Cassimir did not acknowledge me to be prince Mahoud, and her deliverer in the afflictions she had lately experienced, I would submit to be the merchant’s slave for ten years.’

‘This being executed, the merchant procured me the robes in which I now stand before my princess, and slaves to attend me; and by his interest with the vizir I was introduced into your presence: and now, O princess:

cess! unless you favour my innocent deceit, by which alone I was able to obtain a sight of my benefactress, I must return from your presence into the chains of slavery, and be exposed to the scoffs of ignominy.

‘There is no occasion, said I, of giving you a false title, Mahoud, I will send for the merchant, and buy off your ten years slavery, and give you sufficient to live creditably as a merchant.’

‘Alas,’ answered Mahoud, ‘the cunning merchant, O princess, will never know how to ask enough for my redemption, when he finds I am favoured by the princess of Cassimir; and if he should, I shall become the joke and contempt of the merchants, who will neither give me credit nor countenance.’

‘Well, then,’ said I, ‘poor merchant, since you are so unwilling to part with your new-assumed honours, be a prince.’ Then clapping my hands, Eloubrou appeared; and I said, ‘Eloubrou, let the prince Mahoud be lodged in my father’s palace, and let a proper number of slaves attend him, and do you acquaint the vizir with his quality.’

“Eloubrou did as I commanded; and Mahoud, full of joy, fell down at my feet, and kissed the hem of my garment.

‘Prince,’ said I, ‘arise, and Eloubrou shall conduct you to my father’s palace.’

“A few days experience made me repent my folly in giving credit to the falsities of Mahoud; for the insolent merchant grew proud of his new-assumed honours, and soon forgot
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that his title was only the phantom of his own brain.

"He came daily, and was introduced to me, and every time assumed greater state, till at last he dared to declare his passion for me, and talked of asking my father's consent, as soon as the days of his sorrow should be accomplished.

"Astonished at his insolence, I bid him depart from my presence, which he did with difficulty, muttering revenge as he went.

"As soon as he was gone forth, I acquainted Eloubrou with Mahoud's story, his ridiculous and insolent behaviour, and that he had even dared to threaten me with revenge.

"The threats of Mahoud," said Eloubrou, "are of little consequence, though prudence should never esteem the least enemy unworthy of it's notice; but care shall be taken of this insolent merchant. However, my princess," continued the experienced Eloubrou, "must suffer me to deliver the sentiments of my heart:

"Our sex can never give greater encouragement to man than by submitting to become parties in their deceits; and she who helps to exalt one of that faithless sex, must soon expect that he will debase her. Love and presumption united, cannot distinguish the valley from the mountain; and the ass crops alike the thistle or the rose. If Mahoud dared first assume honours that did not belong to him, what should prevent his more aspiring thought! They that will not destroy the weed before it produces the stalk and the pod, shall not prevail

vail against it when it scatters forth its seeds, and give it's progeny to be dispersed by the winds.'

"As Eloubrou delivered this instruction before me, one of the slaves entered the apartment, and gave me notice, that Zebenezer, my father, expected me in the tomb immediately.

"I put on the solemn veil, and followed the guard to the tomb of Chederazade, the favourite of Alla.

"I entered the lonely mansions of the dead with fear and trembling; and at the upper end of the vaulted tomb, saw my father kneeling before the embalmed corse of the parent of my life.

'Unhappy Hemjunah,' said the aged form, come hither, and behold the sad remains of my dearest Chederazade.'

"Although my heart sunk with grief, and my limbs tottered, yet I essayed to reach the place where Chederazade laid embalmed, and fell at the feet of my father Zebenezer.

'Rise,' said he, 'O daughter,' and caught me suddenly in his arms; when, O fearful sight! I perceived his visage alter, and that the villainous Mahoud had seized me in his arms.

"Struck with horror and despair, I essayed to cry out, but in vain, my voice was fled, and the powers of speech were taken from me.

'No,' said he, with a fierce air, 'your struggles and resistance, O prudent princess, are all vain; for she who will join to deceive others, must expect to be deceived when there is none

to help her; therefore speech, if you resist, is taken from you.'

'What,' said I, 'cruel Mahoud,' recollecting myself, and endeavouring to soften him, 'is this the return my friendship deserves; when, to save you from infamy and slavery, I gave way to your entreaties, and represented you otherwise than you really were?'

'They,' answered Mahoud 'who give false characters of their friends, should expect to find their friends as capable of deceiving them, as they have made their friends capable of deceiving others: but we must not call such intercourse friendship. Friendship, O princess! is built upon virtue, which Mahoud has disclaimed since he entered into the service of the sage Hyppacusan; and by her advice it was, that he told you a sham tale to deceive you to your own destruction: had you not yielded to that tale, I could have had no power over you or your father; but it is our triumph to circumvent the prudence of Mahomet's children; wherefore, seeing you would not yield openly to my wishes, I no sooner left you with Eloubrou, than by Hyppacusan's assistance I entered this tomb invisibly, and by my enchantments overpowered your father Zebenezer, and then assuming his person, I sent for my princess, and she came obedient to my call.

'But now,' continued the false Mahoud, 'your cries will profit you but little; for Hyppacusan, who is ever hovering over Delly to watch the motions of the sultan Misnar, has, by this time, placed us in a repository of
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the dead, where we shall have none to overhear or disturb us.'

"Mahoud then shewed me my father Zebenezzer, whom by his enchantment he had deprived of all sensation; he lay in a coffin of black marble in an inner apartment. And after that, he vowed that he would desist from force; but till I consented to his wishes, I must be content to live in the tomb.

"But I will not fatigue you, O royal sultan, with the specious and base arguments of the wretched Mahoud; when he found all in vain, he, by his enchantments, obliged me to sleep in the place from whence you delivered me, and what time has elapsed during my confinement I know not.'

'Princess,' said the sultan, 'we rejoice at your escape; but as it is probable, by your account, that your royal sire Zebenezzer still sleeps in the tomb, we will beseech Macoma to hear our petitions, and deliver him from the chains of enchantment.'

The sultan then sent officers to search in the tomb for the body of Zebenezzer, and also called together those who were skilled in magic, and desired them to use incantations to invoke the genius Macoma to their assistance. But the arts of the magicians were vain, and Macoma remained deaf to the entreaties of the sultan and his sages.

In the mean time, while the sultan and his vizir Horam endeavoured to comfort the afflicted Hemjunah, the ambassadors returned from Cassimir, bringing advice that the grand vizir Hobaddan had assumed the title of sultan

tan, and that the whole kingdom of Cassimir acknowledged his authority.

At this report Hemjunah sunk motionless on the earth, and the Misnar ran to comfort her, declaring that he would march his whole army to recover her dominions from the rebel Hobaddan.

"Horam," said the sultan, "let us be prudent as well as just; therefore, while you march to the assistance of the injured subjects of Cassimir, and to restore that kingdom to its lawful prince, I will keep strict discipline and order in the provinces of my empire; and I trust, in a short time, I shall see you return with the head of the rebel Hobaddan."

The vizir Horam set out in a few days from Delly, with three hundred thousand troops of the flower of the sultan's army; and by forced marches reached the confines of Cassimir ere the pretended sultan Hobaddan had notice of his arrival.

The vizir Horam's intention to restore the princess Hemjunah to the throne of her forefathers being proclaimed, numbers of the subjects of Cassimir flocked to the standards of Horam, and the army being now increased to five hundred thousand troops, marched toward the capital of Cassimir.

Hobaddan having notice of the increase and progress of his enemies, and finding that to engage them upon equal terms was vain, sent an embassy to the vizir Horam, assuring him that he and his whole army would surrender themselves up to the mercy and clemency of his master's troops.

Horam, rejoiced at the success of his march, and desirous of regaining the kingdom of Cassimir without bloodshed, sent an assurance to Hobaddan in answer, that if he fulfilled his promise, his own life should be saved.

The next morning Hobaddan appeared at the head of his troops, with their heads dejected, and their arms inverted toward the ground, and in this manner they came forward to the front of the vizir Horam's army.

Horam, the more to encourage the submission of Hobaddan, had placed the troops which he had raised in the kingdom of Cassimir in the front of his army, and also to secure them from retreating, by the support which his own troops were to give them in the rear.

When Hobaddan was come within hearing, instead of throwing his arms on the ground, he unsheathed his scymitar, and thus spake to the troops before him :

“ Brethren and countrymen, whom the same fathers begat, and whom the same mothers brought forth, suffer me to speak what my affection to you all, and my love for my country, requires me to say :

“ Against whom, O my brethren, is this array of battle ? and whose blood seek ye to spill on the plains which our forefathers have cultivated ? Is it our own blood that must be poured forth over these lands, to enrich them for a stranger's benefit ? Is it not under pretence of fighting for the princess of Cassimir, who has been long since dead, that the sultan of India's troops are now ravaging, not our borders only, but penetrating even into the heart

heart of of our nation? But suppose ye that the conquerors will give up the treasures they hope to earn by their blood? Will they not rather, invited by the fruitfulness of our vales, and by the rich produce of our mountains, fix here the everlasting standards of their arms, and make slaves of us, who are become thus easily the dupes of their ambitious pretences? Then farewell contentment! farewell pleasure! farewell the well-earned fruits of industry and frugality! Our lands shall be the property of others, and we still tied down by slavish chains to cultivate and improve them. Our houses, our substance, shall be the reward of foreign robbers; our wives and our virgins shall bow down before the conquerors; and we, like the beasts of the field, be drawn in the scorching mid-day to the furrow of the mine."

As Hobaddan began to utter these words, Horam, astonished at his malice and presumption, ordered the archers, who attended him, to draw forth their arrows, and pierce him to the heart; but the weapons of war were as straws on the armour of Hobaddan, and he stood dauntless and unhurt amidst ten thousand arrows.

"Friends and brethren," continued Hobaddan, "you see the powers above are on our side; the arrows of Horam as the chaff on the plain, and as the dust which penetrates not the garments of the traveller. Halt not, therefore, your ready judgements, which incline you to embrace what nature and your own security dictates; but join your arms to

the defender and supporter of your liberties and your possessions."

At these words the recruits of Horam filed off in a body, and joined the party of Hobaddan; while the pretended sultan, elated at his success, pushed forward to the vizir Horam's troops, and charged them with the utmost impetuosity.

The weapons of the brave were foiled by the armour of Hobaddan; for the enchantress Hyppacusan, studious of diverting the attention of the sultan Misnar, had assisted Hobaddan with her counsel, and with invulnerable arms; wherefore, seeing their labour vain and fruitless against the pretended and unconquerable sultan, the hearts of Horam's warriors melted within them, and they fled away from the field of battle as the birds of the air retreat before the whistling husbandman.

Hobaddan, sensible of his advantage, hastened after the troops of Horam all the day and all the night, and the vizir himself nearly escaped with his life, having none left behind him to send to Delly with the unhappy report of his defeat.

But malicious fame, ever indefatigable in representing the horrors of affliction and distress, soon spread her voice throughout the regions of Delly, and Misnar heard from every quarter, that his faithful Horam, and all his chosen troops, were defeated or cut off by the victorious arm of Hobaddan.

The princess Hemjunah gave up herself to sighs and tears, and refused the comfort and consolation of the court of Delly; and the sultan

tan Misnar, enraged at his loss, resolved to assemble the greatest part of his troops, and march to the assistance of Horam.

But first he gave orders that recruits should be raised, and that the number of his troops should be increased; and then mixing his young-raised soldiers with the veterans of his army, he left one half of his troops to guard his own provinces, and with the other he marched toward the confines of Cassimir.

The vizir Horam had concealed himself in the hut of a faithful peasant, and hearing that his master was arrived with a numerous army in the kingdom of Cassimir, he went forward and met him, and falling down at his feet, besought his forgiveness.

"Horam," said the sultan, "arise, I forgive thee, although thou hast lost so many of my troops; but I little suspected Hobaddan had been too artful for the experience and sagacity of my vizir. However, Horam, he must not expect to deceive us again; we are more in number, and we are aware of his deceit. You, Horam, forced your marches, and weakened your troops, but I will bring them onwards slowly and surely. Have we, O Horam, prevailed again Ulin and Happuck, and Ollomand and Tasnar; have we crushed Ahaback and Desra by our prudent arts, and shall we fear the contrivance of a poor vizir, who leads a few rebels among the rocks of the province of Cassimir! Let us but use prudence with resolution, and these enemies must soon fade away, like the shadow that flieth from the noon-tide sun."

The two armies of the sultan of India and the pretended sultan of Cassimir, approached each other, and the troops of Misnar were pleased to hear that their number was treble the number of their enemies. But however great their superiority might be, the sultan Misnar and his vizir kept the most exact discipline among them, and behaved as if they were about to engage a superior, and not an inferior, force.

For some time the armies continued within sight of each other, neither chusing to engage without some superiority of circumstances, and both watchful to prevent that superiority.

At length, the sultan observing a weakness in the left wing of Hobaddan's army, caused by sickness, as they were encamped near a morass, gave orders for a furious attack upon the front, but directed the main effort to be made against that wing.

But the sultan's intentions were defeated, for Hobaddan, commanding not in the center, as was expected, but in the left wing, (with a chosen troop he had conveyed there that very morning of the engagement) totally defeated those who were sent to oppose him.

The troops to the right of the sultan's army giving way put all in confusion, and the unwieldy number of Misnar's forces, instead of regularly supporting them, poured toward the right in such tumult, as destroyed the whole disposition of the army.

During this confusion, Hobaddan hewed down on all sides those who dared oppose his arms;

arms; and his chosen troop followed him over mountains of the slain, every one flying through fear at the terror of his presence.

The sultan and his vizir Horem finding it in vain to rally their troops, or oppose the conquerors, founded a retreat; and amidst the general confusion fled toward the sandy deserts, which divide the realms of Cassimir from the province of Delly.

But the prudent sultan, in his flight, endeavoured to restore to his troops their rank and order; and while Horem reduced the foot under their proper banners, Misnar regulated the confusion of the horse, and placed them as a covering to the rest of his forces.

In this manner they marched before the face of their enemies into the desert, without any provision or forage, but what they carried with their accoutrements; and although the sultan and his vizir used every argument to persuade their troops (who still exceeded the number of their enemies) to turn and pursue the army of Hobaddan, yet so great was their dread of the victorious rebel and his forces, that they threatened to throw down their arms, rather than return to the battle.

Seeing all his endeavours to inspire his men with courage ineffectual, the sultan travelled onward with them into the desert, as one given up to certain and unavoidable destruction; and his looks on Horem were like the looks of him who seeth the hand of death on the children of his strength.

After two days march, they halted beside several small pools, and such was the excessive drought

of Misnar's army, that many perished before they could be prevailed upon to quit the refreshing pools of the desert.

These, indeed, thought of little more than present relief; but Misnar, their lord, was overwhelmed with the severest pangs of affliction and distress.

To increase their griefs, if they were capable of increase, scouts brought word that the troops of Hobaddan, being refreshed after their fatigues, were marching towards them, intending to destroy them while they were faint for want of provisions.

The army of the sultan, terrified by the report, and seeing no hopes of escape, fell upon the wretched sultan Misnar, and his faithful vizir, and bringing them into the center of the troops, they demanded their blood as an atonement for the losses they were about to suffer in their cause.

The ringleader of this general mutiny was Ourodi, the ancient enemy of the faithful Horam; who standing foremost in the ranks, commanded the archers to bind their sultan and his vizir to a stake.

The sultan seeing all his hopes defeated, and the rage of the multitude, knelt down and recommended his cause to the all-powerful Alla.

And now the archers were about to bend their bows, and fit the deadly shafts to their bow-strings, when a luminous appearance was discovered to the eastward, and the outskirts of the army saw a female in robes of light travelling over the sands of the desert.

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In a moment she passed through the ranks of the army, and stood in the circle who were gathered around to see the execution of their sultan and his vizir.

"Misnar," said the favourite of Heaven, "arise, and fear not those sons of clay, nor the malice of enchantment; I am thy genius Macoma, sent by Mahomet to save and deliver thee, when human assistance was vain and impossible.

"Therefore," continued the Genius, assume thy just command over these thy subjects, and let them all fall prostrate on the ground to Alla, and wait to see the fate of those who fight against the prophet of the faithful.

"But first learn, from thine own experience, the folly of trusting even to the greatest human power or prudence, without an assistance in the Lord of Heaven.

"The world, O Misnar, is Alla's, and the kingdom of Heaven is the work of his hands; let not, therefore, the proudest boast, nor the humble despair; for although the towering mountains appear most glorious to the sight, the lowly vallies enjoy the fatness of the skies. But Alla is able to clothe the summits of the rocks with verdure, and to dry up even the rivers of the vale. Wherefore, although thou wert suffered to destroy the greatest part of thine enemies, yet one was left to overpower thee, that thou mightest know thou wert but a weak instrument in the hands of strength."

"I know," answered the sultan Misnar, "that Alla is able to dissolve this frame of earth

earth and every vision of the eye, and therefore not the proudest, nor the most powerful, can stand against him."

As the sultan spake this, the opposite army of Hobaddan appeared upon the face of the sandy desert.

"Although his power be infinite," said the Genius, "yet can he effect these changes with the most unexpected causes. To him the pismire and the giant are alike. But I will not waste that time in words, which I am commanded to employ in action, to convince both you and your army of the sovereignty of Alla. Therefore suffer no man to rise from the earth, or quit their places, but lift up your heads only, and behold those enemies destroyed before whom you fled, as the inhabitants of the earth before the noisome pestilence."

So saying, the Genius Macoma waved her wand, and instantly the air was darkened, and a confused noise was heard above the armies of Misnar and Hobaddan.

For some hours the sultan's troops knew not the cause of the darkness that overshadowed them, but in a little time the light returned by degrees, and they looked toward the army of Hobaddan, and saw them overwhelmed with innumerable locusts.

"Thine enemies," said Macoma, "O sultan, are no more; save the enchantress Hyppacusian, who at present personates the rebel Ourodi."

"The glory of extirpating her infernal race," said the vizir Hqram, bowing before the

the genius Macoma, "belongs to my sultan, otherwise Horam would esteem himself the happiest of mankind in her destruction."

"That glory you speak of," answered the genius Macoma, "is given to another; a fly is gone forth, the winged messenger of Alla's wrath, and at this moment bereaves the vile Hyppacusan of her breath and of her life."

The vizir Horam held down his head at the just reproof of the Genius; but the words of her reproof were the words of truth, for an account was brought, that the rebel Ourodi was suddenly dead, being strangled by some impediment in his throat; and that, at his death, his figure was changed into the appearance of a deformed enchantress.

"Although your enemies, O Misnar, are no more," said the Genius, "yet the assistance of Alla is as necessary for your support, as for their defeat; wherefore he hath given life to the springs of the pools of the desert, and your troops will find such refreshment from them, that you may safely march over the sandy plains; and to add to your happiness, the old sultan Zebenezer, being released from the enchantments of Hyppacusan, waits, with his daughter Hemjunah, your safe arrival; and knows not as yet those wonders which I leave your prudence to reveal to him."

The sultan Misnar well understood the mysterious speech of the genius Macoma; but before he or his troops tasted of the pools, or pursued their march, he commanded them to fall down before Alla, the only Lord of the world.

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The troops having done reverence to Alla, were desirous of repeating it before Misnar, to ask his forgiveness; but the modest sultan would not permit them.

"It is no wonder," said he, "the sheep go astray, when the shepherd himself is bewildered on the mountains. Let us make," said he, Alla and his prophet our guide and defence, and then neither presumption nor rebellion shall lead us into error."

The unexpected change reached not the court of Delly, till the troops were within a few days march of the city; and Zebenezer and Hemjunah were but just prepared to meet the sultan Misnar, when he entered the gates of the palace.

As Misnar advanced toward the aged Zebenezer, the good old man started with surprise, and cried out, "O Mahomet, is it possible, that the sultan of India, and the prince of Georgia, should be one and the same!"

The princess Hemjunah was amazed and confounded at her father's speech, and she fell on his aged face, and hid in his arms the blushes that overspread her.

"What you suspect, my royal friend," said Misnar, "is true; I am, indeed, the man who passed in Cassimir for the prince of Georgia. I beseech thee, O Zebenezer, forgive my deception."

"You have no forgiveness," said the aged Zebenezer, "O sultan, to ask from me."

"Indeed," answered the sultan, "my title was just; my royal father Dabulcombar being treacherously advised by those who wished to place

place his younger son Ahubal on the throne, commanded me to travel, and gain renown and experience in arms; and to conceal my importance, gave me the title of prince of Georgia.

"In this disguise I came to the royal court of Cassimir, and engaged in your service, O venerable sultan! and Alla sent his blessing on us; your enemies were put to flight, and your subjects, who favoured me, gave the credit of the defeat to our arms.

"Hearing that you intended me the honour of an alliance with your illustrious family, I resolved first to see the princess Hemjunah, whom I heard you had confined, being warned from an ancient prophecy, that a stranger should deprive you of her. I saw the princess by means of one of her slaves, and Hemjunah, my lovely Hemjunah, from that moment took possession of my heart. I was earnest, therefore with you to propose the nuptials, and was to have been introduced to the princess, the very day which I received advice that my lord Dabulcombar was drawing near unto his prophet.

"In expectation of demanding your daughter as the sultan of India, and not as an obscure prince, I journeyed to Delly, and was early enough to see my royal sire ere he departed.

"Son," said he, "evil threatens your reign; extricate, therefore, yourself from danger, before your involve others in your ruin."

“Mindful of my father’s words, I resolved to quell the commotions of the empire, before I made myself known to the sultan of Cassimir; but Alla has so wound the string of our fates together, that it is needless to repeat the rest of my adventures. Only the princess must forgive me this, that hearing she had been taken away from her father’s court, I was resolved to conceal my interest in her affairs, till I was sensible that the prince of Georgia, though not blessed with her smiles, had yet no rival in her affections.”

“Most noble sultan,” said the princess Hemjunah, “it is vain to dissemble; suffer me, therefore, freely to declare that the sultan of India has totally extirpated the prince of Georgia from my heart; but whatever my own sentiments may be, assure yourself, that I shall not, at my father’s commands, refuse the prince of Georgia my hand.

The sultan of India and Zebenezzer were both delighted with the manner of the princess Hemjunah’s answer: and Horam, the faithful vizir Horam, was rejoiced to find that his master and the princess Hemjunah were desirous of rewarding each other, after their mutual fatigues.

The whole court expected the nuptials with impatience, and the good old sultan Zebenezzer staid to see his daughter the sultaneß of India, and Misnar the happiest and most thankful of the children of Alla.

"The children of Alla," said Iracagem, as Macoma had finished her relation, "have indeed a freedom of action; but that freedom is best exercised when it leads them to trust and depend on the Lord of all things; not that he who seeth even beyond the confines of light is pleased with idleness, or giveth encouragement to the sons of sloth; the spirit which he has infused into mankind, he expects to find active and industrious; and when prudence is joined with religion, Alla either gives success to its dictates, or by counter-acting its motions, draws forth the brighter virtues of patience and resignation.

"Learn, therefore, ye pupils of the race of immortals, not to forget your dependence on Alla, while ye follow the prudent maxims of wisdom and experience; for he only is truly prudent who adds faith to his practice; and he truly religious, whose actions are the result of his faith.

"But sufficient for the present hours are the instructions of Macoma and her illustrious brethren. The faithful guardians of these children of mortality will, for a time, carry them abroad, and teach them those sciences which are justly esteemed among the sons of the earth; sciences which have been delivered in secret whispers from our race to a few chosen minds, who, through our assistance, have broken the fetters of ignorance, and subdued the darkness of carnal infirmities, men famous through successive generations, for cultivating and polishing the rude outlines of nature,

nature, and for instructing mankind in the elegant and social arts."

As the sage Iracagem uttered these words, the inferior Genii retired with their respective pupils, and by easy progressions conducted them through those elegant and useful arts, each of which upon earth cannot be attained but with a steady application through life.

After these exercises, toward the wane of the moon, the whole company met again in the saloon, and Iracagem with pleasure surveyed the enlightened countenances of the pupils of his race, whose hearts and intellects seemed dilated by the pleasing progress they had made.

"Science," said the sage Iracagem, "may polish the manners, but virtue and religion alone can animate with exalted notions, and dignify the mind of immortality: to neglect the first, is to turn our head from the light of day; but to despise the last, is to grasp the earth, when Heaven is open to receive us. A wise and prudent spirit will so use the one, as to improve the other, and make his science the hand-maid of his virtue. Wherefore, noble Adiram, let us proceed in the delightful lessons of morality, and hear the wonders you are prepared to relate."

The affable Adiram arising, thus began her much-instructive tale.

T A L E IX.

Sadak and Kalafrade.

THE fame of Sadak lives yet in the plain of Erivan, where he drew the bow of the mighty, and chased the enemies of his faith over the frozen mountains of the north.

When Amurath gave peace to the earth, Sadak retired with the beloved Kalafrade to the palace of his ancestors, which was situated on the banks of the Bosphorus, and commanded one of the most beautiful prospects in the world.

Sadak, though furious and impetuous in the field, was elegant and amiable in his happy retreat, where fancy and delicacy preserved their pre-eminence over the richest productions of unrestrained nature.

The palace of Sadak stood upon a wide-extended terrace, which overlooked the sea and the opposite shores of Europe; a deep and noble grove sheltered it behind, and on each side hills and vallies diversified the rural scene.

The gardens of the palace, though wild and irregular, yet afforded the most delightful retirement; and Sadak found in its bosom pleasures far superior to the splendid pageants of the Othman court.

To increase the bliss of this earthly paradise, his favourite fair had blest him with a numerous progeny; and as Sadak and Kalaf-
rade

shade sat under the shade of the lofty pines, their children wantoned and sported on the plains before them.

The spirit of the father was in the lively contests of his sons; and maternal delicacy dimpled on the cheeks of the daughters of Kalafrade.

The happy pair saw their own virtues reflected from their children, and Sadak having already earned this elegant retreat by the toils of war, was resolved to dedicate the rest of his days to the improvement of his beauteous offspring.

Kalafrade, though her charms were as yet undiminished by age, harboured not a wish in which her noble Sadak was unconcerned; all her joy was centered in Sadak; her heart rejoiced not but when Sadak appeared; and her soul, uneasy at a moment's absence, panted after Sadak her lord. The love of Sadak equalled the affections of his beloved; he gazed every hour with new transports upon her charms; none but Kalafrade engaged his thoughts, none but Kalafrade shared in his affections.

Time, which impairs the impetuous sallies of lust, increased the holy flame of their love, and their retirement grew more and more agreeable as they more and more experienced the purity of its joys. But Sadak indulged not wholly on the sofas of pleasure; his sons required his presence with them in the chace; he led them forth to manly sports, and trained them to the exercise of arms.

His four sons followed their father Sadak daily to the plains of Rezeh, where they strove
for

for mastery in the race, and pointed their arrows at the distant mark.

“O my father,” said Codan, the eldest of his children, as they were on the plain, where Sadak was drawing the bow-string to his breast, “a black cloud arises from the grove, and flames of fire burst through its side!”

Sadak quickly turned his eyes toward the wood which sheltered his palace, and saw the sparks and the flame ascending over the tops of the trees.

“My children,” said Sadak, with a firm countenance, “fear not; continue your sport on the plain till I return: I will leave four slaves with you, the rest shall follow your father to this grove of fire.”

Though Sadak was unwilling to terrify his children, he knew full well the misfortunes which had befallen him. His palace was in flames, and the doating husband halted with his slaves to the relief of his beloved Kalafrade and her daughters.

Sadak first reached the burning palace. The slaves of the house, terrified at the fire, were flying into the woods. He commanded them back, and asked if Kalafrade and her little ones were safe.

Seeing their consternation, he flew towards the apartments of his beloved, which was situated in one of the inner courts; and though the devouring flames endeavoured to bar his passage, the firm Sadak pressed through the fire into the apartments of Kalafrade.

“Kalafrade!” said Sadak, “my beloved Kalafrade! where art thou?”

Ka-

Kalafrade answered not.

Sadak raised up his voice still higher, "Kalafrade, my beloved Kalafrade, where art thou?"

Kalafrade answered not.

Sadak, though terrified at not discovering his beloved, yet searched every part of the haram, till he came to the apartments of his three daughters, who, with their female slaves, were fallen on the earth, every moment expecting to be devoured by the flames.

"Arise, my children," said Sadak, "and be comforted at the presence of your parent; but where is your mother? Where is my beloved Kalafrade?"

"Alas!" answered the children of Sadak, "we know not; some slaves forced our dear parent from her apartment, as she was hastening to our relief."

"Then," answered Sadak, "blessed be my prophet, she is safe; but come, my daughters," continued their father, "you must not delay your escape, the fire makes hasty strides upon us: come, my children, to my arms, and I will bear you through the flames; but first let us dip in the bath, lest the fire seize on our garments."

As they passed the female baths, they dipped themselves in the basin, and the slaves followed their master's example.

Sadak arriving at the entrance where the flames had reached, resolutely took up his two eldest children, and carried them through the flames; then again returning, "I will either,"

said

said he, "rescue my youngest, or perish with her."

His youngest fainted with fear as soon as her father had left her, and Sadak found her stretched upon the ground, with but little signs of life.

All the female slaves following their master Sadak, had escaped out of the haram, except one faithful creature, who rather resolved to die with her young mistress, than leave her exposed to the flames.

Sadak snatched up his dear treasure in his arms, and commanded the faithful slave to take hold of his garment, and follow him through the flames.

Happily the wind had turned the fire toward a different part of the palace, so that Sadak had less danger to encounter in the second effort than in the first.

The resolute Sadak having rescued his children, inquired of his slaves where they had conveyed his dear Kalafrade; but none could give answer to the questions of their lord.

The slaves were now all gathered together in a body; but four of their number were missing, besides those who continued with the sons of Sadak on the plain.

As little more could be rescued from the flames, Sadak left only ten slaves about the palace to recover what they were able; the rest he sent into the different parts of the grove, and to the villages around, to seek for their mistress Kalafrade and her slaves; six he dismissed with his daughters to the plain of Rezeb, commanding them, with their attendants,
to

join his sons, and seek some shelter and refreshment in a neighbouring village, and leaving orders for his beloved Kalafrade, if she was found, to retire to her children.

Sadak then went through the most unfrequented paths, and into the loneliest parts of the wood, to seek his beloved, calling upon her as he passed along, and pronouncing the names of the slaves that were missing. This he continued till night had thrown her sable garments on the earth, and he had compassed his palace every way around for several miles, when he resolved to turn again to his palace, and inquire of his slaves concerning his beloved Kalafrade.

He passed through the woods, guided by the red glare of light which the clouds reflected from the fire that had nigh consumed his dwelling, and entered the farther part of the terrace, whereon stood the few remains of his once elegant building.

The flames, unsatiated with their former cruelties, seemed to re-kindle at his presence. His slaves came weeping towards him, but could give no tidings of their amiable mistress; and Sadak, who in the morning had looked with the utmost satisfaction on the lively scenes around him, now saw the melancholy face of nature, enlightened with the dusky gleam of his own unexpected ruin.

But yet the wreck of nature could not have disturbed Sadak more than the loss of his beloved; he doubted not but the fire was kindled by those slaves who had torn Kalafrade from his arms; and though he felt within himself
the

the deepest affliction, his blood curdled with horror, when he reflected on the ten-fold distresses which encompassed the pure and spotless partner of his affections.

“O Alla,” said the trembling Sadak, “fortify my faith, and teach me even in the horrors of this night, to believe that mercy triumphs over evil, and that the paths of destruction are controlled by thy all-seeing power! To me all is confusion, misery, and terror! But thou seest through the dark abyss, and guidest the footsteps of the just in the vallies of desolation! Nevertheless, O thou just one, forgive the sinking of my soul, and pour the virtuous balm of hope into the wounded spirit of thine afflicted servant!”

The bounteous Alla heard the voice of his servant, and the heart of Sadak was fortified and strengthened with religious hope.

Having disposed of what effects his slaves had rescued from the flames in a place of security, Sadak hastened to the village where his children were assembled, and disguising the feverish pangs he felt himself, endeavoured to assuage the grief of his fond family for the loss of their mother.

Several of Sadak's friends soon joined him in the village, and the relations of his wife offered to take care of his children, while he went in search of Kalafrade and his villainous slaves.

Sadak with thankfulness embraced the offer of Mepiki, the father of his beloved; and having tenderly embraced his children, directed his steps toward the sea-side, and crossed
in

in one of his feluccas to the city of Constantinople.

No sooner was Amurath seated on this throne in the divan, than Sadak fell prostrate before him.

"My brave soldier," said Amurath, "arise."

"The world, Sadak," continued the prince, "talk largely concerning your happiness; and those who envy not the Othman crown, yet pant after the elegant and peaceable retirements of the fortunate Sadak. Has Sadak, then, a wish ungratified, that he comes thus an humble suppliant at a monarch's feet?"

"The smiles of his prince," answered Sadak, "are a soldier's joy, and in the sun-shine of those smiles, did Sadak live an envied life; till one dark cloud interposed, and blasted the ripe fruit of Sadak's joy."

"What means my Sadak?" answered Amurath.

"While I led my sons to the plain," replied Sadak, "to teach them the duties which they owed their prince, the flames seized my peaceful dwelling, and ere I could return to the rescue of my beloved Kalafrade, four slaves had dragged her away, and I and my attendants have in vain been seeking her in woods and plains that surround my habitation; wherefore, O Amurath! I come a suppliant to thy throne, to ask redress of thee."

"That," answered Amurath, "brave soldier, thou shalt have; my Hasnadar Baski shall pay thee twice the value of thine house. Thou shalt have twenty of my slaves; and as to thy
Beloved,

beloved, go where fancy leads thee, and seek a new Kalafrade."

The words of Amurath were as the arrows of death in the heart of Sadak; and he said, "Let the hand of justice overtake the robbers, and let the power of my lord restore Kalafrade to my arms."

"Kalafrade," answered Amurath, "has doubtless been so long in your slave's possession, that she is, ere this, contented with her lot; instead of being the slave of one, she is now the mistress of four. But why should a weak female trouble the brave soldier's heart! The chance of war gives them to our arms; and as they change their lords, our females change their love."

As the blasted oak is torn by the thunder-bolt, so was the heart of Sadak rent by the words of Amurath; but he concealed the storm that shook his breast, and bowing to the earth, departed from the divan.

He applied himself that day to inquire in the Biskiten and public market-places, concerning Kalafrade and his four slaves; and hearing no tidings of them there, he went to the water-side, among the Levents, or watermen; but none could give him the least account of the fugitives.

The sorrows of Sadak bore heavy on his heart, but they did not prevent him from making a regular and strict search on the opposite shores both of Europe and Asia. Several months passed in a fruitless inquiry, without the least discovery either of his slaves, or the manner of their escape.

The gentle Kalafrade, in the mean time, suffered still severer afflictions.

On the morning in which she was torn from her lord, she was seated on her sofa, with her slaves around her, when she heard, from several quarters of the palace, a cry of fire, and in an instant saw the blaze ascend in three different parts.

All was confusion and distress; Kalafrade forgot not her children, but was hastening to their apartment, when four slaves broke in upon her, and forced her out of the palace.

They flew with their prize to one extremity of the terrace, where a small galley, which was concealed by the trees which overshadowed the water, waited for her arrival.

The distracted Kalafrade was delivered to an old eunuch in the galley, who instantly threw a thick black veil over her head, and threatened to cast her into the sea, if she cried out or resisted.

The threats of the eunuch were vain; Kalafrade feared no greater misfortune than the loss of Sadak, and she filled the air with her lamentations.

The eunuch, finding his remonstrances unsuccessful, shut up the windows of the galley, and urged the rowers to hasten away with their prize.

Kalafrade, being inclosed in the galley, knew not to what shore she was carried; but ere long the vessel struck upon the ground, and ten black eunuchs entering the galley, they wrapped a covering of silk around her, and conveyed her away.

After

After some time they stopped, and uncovered the unfortunate Kalafrade, to give her breath.

The beauteous mourner looked around her, and saw she was in a garden planted with cypress trees.

She fell at the feet of him who seemed to have the command of his brethren, and besought him to have compassion on the miseries of a distressed mother and an injured wife.

The eunuchs made no answer to the entreaties of Kalafrade; but he who commanded the rest made a sign for them to fling the silken covering over Kalafrade, and to bear her away.

It was not long before the slaves made a second halt, and took off the silken covering again from Kalafrade, and retired.

The beauteous wife of Sadak lifted up her veil, as soon as she perceived the slaves withdraw, and found she was in an obscure room, the windows of which were guarded with iron bars.

In one corner of the room stood a small pot of boiled rice, and beside it a pitcher of water.

Kalafrade hastened to the door, but the slaves had made it fast without.

Seeing all possibility of escape taken from her, and not knowing where she was, the wretched Kalafrade threw herself on the earth, and, with tears and sighs intermixed, thus poured forth her griefs:

"O, whither am I carried from the arms of my beloved! Where was Sadak, the light

of mine eyes, when the hand of the oppressor was on the bosom of his Kalafrade! Where was the strength of his arm, and the fierceness of his countenance, when they tore his Kalafrade from the nest of her little ones? O faithful Sadak! whither am I borne from the light of thine eyes? Whither am I carried from the smiles which refreshed my heart? Did we not, O Sadak, divide the light and the darkness together? In the bosom of Sadak I hid me from the storm; in the arms of Sadak his beloved triumphed!

“Ah, Sadak! Sadak! hear the voice of Kalafrade, ere the vile ravisher come and despoil thee of thy treasure! My love for thee, O Sadak, has been pure as the rain drops, and the thoughts of Kalafrade have not wandered from her lord. In the morning I joyed not at the sun, but as he gave to mine eyes the image of my beloved. When Sadak arose, my heart was poured out in a sigh; when he led his sons to the chace, ah wretched chace! my eyes went with him to the grove, but my thoughts followed him to the plain; when he returned, his presence was like the sprightly notes of music to my soul; when he smiled, he was cheerful as the light of the morning; when he spoke, his words were as the dews of heaven on the fruitful bosom of the earth, and his motion was graceful as the waving of the palm-tree on the brow of the mountain. Oh! who has divided my beloved from mine arms? Ah, Kalafrade! thou art as a traveller among the wolves of the forest; thou art as a stranger bewildered in the snowy plain!”

Ka.

Kalafrade vented her sighs, undisturbed, for several days, no one appearing but an old female mute, who daily brought her some boiled rice and a pitcher of water, which, though but scanty, was more than sufficient for the beautiful wife of Sadak.

During this interval it was impossible for Kalafrade to guess at the meaning of her confinement, and seeing no one come to molest her, she began to bear her situation with more temper, though still, like the turtle, her moans after Sadak were every moment indulged, and her fears for her children renewed the horrors of her mind.

At length one of her own black slaves, who had assisted in forcing her away, appeared. He was dressed in a green robe, and wore a yellow turban on his head. As he entered the room, Kalafrade retired as far as she was able; but he with an horrid grin advanced, and seized her by the arm.

The beautiful Kalafrade, finding herself in the power of the black slave, shrieked aloud, and filled the room with her cries; but he, regardless of her tears or her entreaties, and in a rough and determined tone, acquainted her with his love, and that he intended to make her his mistress.

At these words Kalafrade redoubled her cries, and the slave proceeded to press her in his arms; when, in an instant, fifty eunuchs rushed into the apartment, and, seizing on the black slave, delivered Kalafrade from his embraces.

The wife of Sadak was astonished at the new scene of wonders which she beheld; but her heart soon returned to its former fears, when she beheld the mighty Amurath approach.

“ Let that slave,” said the monarch, “ repay with his life the injuries he has done to this perfection of beauty.”

The distressed Kalafrade, hearing the command of Amurath, fell at the feet of her prince, and said——

“ Lord of thy slaves, whom Alla has sent to the relief of the distressed, behold the handmaid of thy servant Sadak before thee. As Sadak, mighty prince, was teaching his sons to walk in the paths of their father, four of his slaves, having set fire to his dwelling, rushed into the haram, and bore me away to a galley, in which, throwing a blind over me, they conveyed me to this wretched hut, where, till to-day, I have been indulged in my silent woes. But a few moments ago this base slave entered, whom I suspect to be the author of my misfortunes, and was about to compel me to bear his filthy love, when the guards of my lord rushed in, and preserved me from his villainous malice; wherefore, mighty lord, permit thy slave to depart, and if it please thee, gracious prince, let a few of these my deliverers convey me from this slave’s house to Sadak thy servant.”

As Kalafrade uttered these words, Amurath made a sign to his eunuchs to withdraw; and taking the lovely Kalafrade by the hand, he bid her arise.

“ Beauteous Kalafrade,” said he, “ I am pleased at your artless tale, yet are you much de-

deceived; you are not in a slave's house, fair mistress of my heart, but in the garden of thy Amurath's seraglio."

At these words the countenance of Kalafraide changed; a deadly paleness overspread her cheeks, and she fell to the earth as a flower cut off from its root by the stormy wind.

Although Amurath called in immediate assistance, it was long before they could restore motion and life to the miserable Kalafraide; who, as soon as she beheld the countenance of Amurath, again sunk to the earth.

After some time, when the distressed Kalafraide was a little recovered, Amurath thus began:

"It is beneath the lord of the earth to disguise his thoughts, or to wear a countenance which accords not with his heart. No, my lovely Kalafraide, hypocrisy is a slave's portion; the sun knows no shadow, and Asia's monarch knows no restriction. Wherefore Kalafraide shall not any longer feel the tortures of a doubt, or the shackles of fear.

"Know then, lovely fair one, that I was jealous of my slave Sadak, who boasted joys superior to those which attend his prince, and I issued forth the law of my mind, that he should be cut off from his presumption.

"While the janizaries were making ready to obey my commands, I considered that death alone was not a sufficient recompence for his folly, and therefore I determined to add suspense to the tortures which the rebel had merited at my hands.

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“For this purpose I gave orders to the chief of my eunuchs to corrupt some of his slaves, who were to fire his dwelling in different parts, and to bring away his Kalafrade to my seraglio; not that I intended, beauteous fair one, to exalt thee to my notice: no, the wife of Sadak was a personage too low for Amurath to stoop to. But having heard that you also gloried in your Sadak, I resolved that you should live confined in an ignominious hut on the coarsest food for some days; which being executed, I commanded one of your slaves to go in unto you, and make you subservient to his will. But my anger was so hot against you, that this was not sufficient revenge, unless I was an eye-witness of your distress: for this purpose a secret stand was contrived for me behind this hut, where I could, unobserved, behold all that passed. Hither I came with a slave, just time enough to see him enter before you. But, O lovely Kalafrade, what was my emotion, when I beheld the charms which I was about to sacrifice to my revenge!

“The moment I saw your irresistible beauties, I vowed the vile slave should die, who, even in thought, had attempted to profane your charms. I made a sign for my eunuchs to rush in and seize him; and, ere this, his accursed blood is poured on the earth as an atonement for his insolence.

“But this is not all that Amurath will do for the mistress of his heart; and the happy Kalafrade may rejoice, that the presumption
○ Sadak was not unnoticed by his lord. Your short troubles, O Kalafrade, have been productive

ductive of the greatest joy your sex can feel; for know that you have engaged the affection of the mighty Amurath, and he who will not depart from the words of his lips, doth here call call Mahomet to witness, that Amurath will make his beloved Kalafrade the sultana of his heart."

The tender Kalafrade was overcome with the words of Amurath, and she sunk into the arms of the chief of the eunuchs, who stood behind her.

"Doubor," said Amurath, "I perceive Kalafrade's joy has overpowered her. While she is in the trance of happiness, too great for her mortal nature to live under, let her be conveyed to the richest apartments of the seraglio, where the favourites of our race enjoy the converse of their lords; and let all homage be paid to her who is destined to share in the pleasures of Amurath."

While Doubor, and the rest of the eunuchs, waited to perform the will of their prince, Amurath returned to the seraglio, and entered the baths, and afterwards arrayed himself in his most sumptuous robes.

He then sent to inquire of the chief of his eunuchs whether Kalafrade was recovered.

The chief of the eunuchs came with the countenance of sorrow.

"What," said Amurath, trembling, as he saw the posture of his slave, "is not the beautiful Kalafrade arisen from the slumbers of transport?"

"Lord of life," answered Doubor, "we have used every secret of physic in vain. Our beau-

beauteous mistress still slumbers on the sofa whereon we conveyed her."

"If so," replied Amurath, "let us hasten to the adjoining apartment, where I may behold, unseen, the joy which will awaken in her breast, as her eye-lids unfold to her the splendours that surround her."

After Amurath had been some time stationed in his secret stand, the lovely Kalafrade opened her eyes, and beheld the magnificent apartment into which she had been conveyed.

The beauteous wife of Sadak seeing the mutes standing on each side of her, the fair female slaves falling prostrate in two rows before the steps of the sofa, and the eunuchs, with folded arms and downcast eyes, at a distance, shrieked aloud, and, clapping her hands together in wild despair, cried out, "O Sadak, Sadak, save me from this pompous horror!"

She then, in frantic haste, tore off the magnificent bracelet of diamonds, which, during her fainting, had been fastened to her arms, and the rich girdle of rubies which adorned her waist; the pearls and the emeralds which were hung upon her bosom; and looking on herself, "If I have any thing," said she, "that may tempt the lawless to injure Sadak's love, thus will I sacrifice it to our mutual truth!"

As she spake these words, she fastened her delicate hands on her cheeks, and before the eunuch (who instantly ran toward her to prevent her intentions) could seize her, she had marked her features with streams of blood.

The disappointed Amurath could no longer contain himself, but he entered the apartment
just

just as the blood was starting from the lovely cheeks of the wife of Sadak.

"Slaves," said he, "your lives shall answer this neglect; your base folly has robbed me of all my joys. Behold, my Kalafrade is defiled with blood, and Amurath must abstain from her embrace.

"But if these deserve death, what torture should await the wretched and foolish Kalafrade, who presumes to value the caresses of a slave, when the mighty Amurath hath received her into the seraglio of his pleasures!"

"Alas," mighty prince," said the distracted Kalafrade, falling at his feet, "who can absolve the plighted vow? or——"

"Polluted slave," said Amurath, starting from her, "defile not my garments with thy touch, nor mine ears with thy rebellion. For three days I shall leave thee, till thou art washed from the stains of this frantic deed; at the end of which time, either prepare to receive my caresses, or expect to see the head of Sadak blackening in the sun, before the windows of the seraglio."

At these words the incensed Amurath left the fair Kalafrade weeping on the ground, and retired to a different part of the palace. But he gave orders that the chief of his eunuchs should attend her, to see that she was purified from the stain of her blood.

The disconsolate fair one gave herself up to perpetual grief, and refused to taste the delicacies that were set before her, although Doubor, on his knees, besought her to consider

sider the dreadful consequences of offending his lord.

To these remonstrances Kalafrade answered little; her mind was full of the mighty ills which she suffered, and she could conceive nothing more dreadful than the embraces of Amurath.

As she sat the second day on her sofa, musing on her dear absent Sadak, she perceived a small bird perch on one of the windows which looked toward the gardens of the seraglio; which, hopping from thence to her hand, opened its little throat, and began its artless lay.

As the bird left off singing, Kalafrade, though she was astonished at its tameness, yet began to stroke it, and said——

“Thou, pretty chorister, art mistress of the air, and heaven hath adorned thee with the wings of liberty; thou buildest thy nest beyond the trace of human malice, and soarest abroad where no Amurath can impede thy flight.”

The moans of Kalafrade were interrupted by a small voice, which at first the beautiful wife of Sadak could scarce believe were uttered by the little bird: till listening with attention to it, she distinguished the following words:

“Startle not, lovely mistress of Sadak’s thoughts, at the voice of a bird. The most trifling causes can, in the hands of strength, produce the greatest effects, as the instructions of Alla were conveyed to the holy prophet of Mecca by the whispers of a dove.

“My

"My station appears envious to Kalafrade, because she conceives me the offspring of liberty: Her fancy represents me on the wings of pleasure and enlargement; she sees me soaring in heaven's broad path, but forgets my toils in the grove, and my labours in the field. If the light feather, which bears me on the thin surface of the air, makes me man's superior in flight, yet the artifice of human inventions again subjects my weaker understanding a prey to contrivance: but it is enough for me, Kalafrade, to know that I am the creature of Alla, who has in wisdom appointed to every thing living their proper stations and bounds.

"At present, indeed, I seem to have transgressed those bounds, but it is in obedience to my mistress Adiram, who presides over the faithful family of Sadak. It is she who speaks in me, and who means to speak comfort to the heart-broken Kalafrade: she, it is that faith——

"O beauteous mourner, and slave of the oppressor! fear not misfortunes, which are the tests of virtue, and not the rotten fruit of iniquity. The malicious shall not always triumph; the staff whereon the wicked lean shall rot and decay! When clouds hover above the fields, the drops of fatness descend; when the storm passeth over the city, the days of health are at hand. It is the glory of the faithful to bear afflictions with patience, and to oppose the temptations of evil with fortitude and firmness."

As the bird was continuing to speak the lessons of its mistress Adiram, the chief of the

eunuchs entered the apartment, and the little chorister flew swiftly away through the window, among the trees in the garden of the *feraglio*.

Doubor, as he entered, approached to the sofa of Kakafrade, and fell prostrate before her.

"Lovely Kakafrade," said the trembling eunuch, "it is to the intercession of Sadak, the father of thy lord, that Doubor owes the spirit which enlivens him. When Elar, the father of Sadak, fought by the side of Mahomet his lord, on the confines of Sclavonia, and the inhabitants of Zagrab fled before him, my widowed mother, with her family, were among the number of the fugitives; but as she held a daughter in each hand, and was laden with me, an infant, on her back, she was soon unable to keep up with her brethren, whose concern was so urgent for themselves, that they refused to bear any part of her burden.

My mother Idan, finding it in vain to fly with her children, and resolving not to leave them behind her to the merciless fury of her enemies, sat down by the road side, and, while I hung on the breast, embraced with the utmost tenderness her two daughters.

"Ere she had completed her caresses, the outskirts of Mahomet's army appeared. Two janizaries first reached the miserable widow; they examined her features, but age had spread the veil of safety on her cheeks. The daughters of the wretched widow next excited their attention; the countenance of Liberak, the eldest, bedewed with tears, appeared like the melting

melting snow; and the bloom of Hirab, the second, shone through the pearly drops that hung upon her face, as the rose-bud laden with the dew of night.

‘Be this my prey,’ said the first janizary, and seized on the elegant Liberak. ‘And be this mine,’ said his comrade, fastening on the blush-covered Hirab.’

“Idan my mother, awaking from her trance of sorrows, by the rude onset of the two janizaries, called aloud on her Christian gods for relief, and held each daughter firmly by the hand, while the janizaries endeavoured to loosen her hold; which the first not effecting so easily as he hoped, drew his scymitar, and severed her hand and her daughter from the miserable Idan.

“His comrade, observing the brutal success of his fellow-soldier, drew his scymitar likewise, and was about to gain his prize by the same kind of cruelty, when Elar, the captain of the band, rode up, and, seeing the accursed design of the janizary, with his uplifted scymitar hewed him to the ground.

“The first janizary, seeing the fate of his comrade, fled; and Elar gave orders that Idan and her children should be preserved: he set a guard over her, and sent, with several slaves, one experienced in the knowledge of physic to bind up her wound.

“But the kind efforts of Elar were vain; my mother fainted with the loss of blood, and, before proper assistance could be procured, expired in the arms of her helpless daughters.

“Liberak and Hirab, the children of Idan, fell on the face of their mother; and ceased not to mourn over their unhappy parent; neither could the attendants, which Elar had provided, prevail on them to receive the least refreshment. They continued, during the pursuit of the Turks after the Sclavonians, which lasted three days, immoveable on the body of their dear mother Idan, while I was nourished by one of the slaves of Elar.

“Sorrow and fatigue soon put an end to the lives of Liberak and Hirab, the duteous daughters of the deceased Idan; and I was left an helpless infant in the arms of the slaves of Elar, who, after the return of the army from pursuing their enemies, presented me to Elar, with an account of the death of my mother and sisters.

“Elar, perceiving a liveliness in my looks, sent the slave with me to Mahomet, who gave orders that I should be admitted into his seraglio; and one of the first things I learned there was this history, from the mouth of a slave who was appointed to be my nurse. Wherefore be not surprized, O beauteous Kalafrade, at my affection for Sadak, the son of my lord Elar, by whose generous intercession I became a servant of Mahomet, and was afterwards, by the favour of the mighty Amurath, exalted to this post of confidence and honour. But, alas! how will my desire to serve Sadak be believed, when it is known that I, by the command of Amurath, corrupted his slaves, and assisted them in bringing the wife of my lord into this seraglio!

“In-

"Indeed, faithful Kalafrade, my ignorance must plead my excuse: bred up in this place, I knew no law but the will of my master, and I believed that every female would esteem it their greatest happiness to enjoy the smiles of the mighty Amurath.

"But the despair of Sadak's wife, her constancy, and her contempt of grandeur, when purchased at the price of unfaithfulness, have convinced me how much I have distressed the noble Sadak, and to what a precipice I have dragged the much-injured Kalafrade; and yet, what had my refusal to obey Amurath benefited your cause? Death had been my instant reward, and some more savage heart had been procured to direct the bloody resolves of Amurath against you. Yet I plead not my own excuse; but mean, ere it be too late, to serve the much-injured wife of Sadak, the son of my patron Elar."

"If you mean to serve me, Doubor," said the lovely Kalafrade, "though much I suspect the integrity of your tale, lead me this instant out of the seraglio, and wait me over to the dwelling of Sadak my lord."

"What," answered Doubor, "is Kalafrade such a stranger to the watchful keepers of this seraglio, that she supposes it possible for any one to escape unobserved through the various guards which surround it? Know you not, beloved of Sadak, that numberless mutes and much watch it night and day within, and without are stationed a thousand janizaries, both by water and land? No, fair captive, there

is no escape from these walls, unless Amurath consent."

"Is this, base Doubor," answered Kalafrade, "your promised comfort, that you officiously come to certify me of my ruin? Thou art, indeed, a Christian renegade, and no Turk; for thou delightest to torment those whom thou canst not save. O Sadak! Sadak! was it for this thy father Elar preserved this Christian's blood, that he should be the chief engine of Amurath's malice against thee! Such tales as these are fitting to drive pity from a warrior's breast, and to justify the slaughter of those who spare neither sex nor age!"

"It were hard," answered Doubor, the chief of the eunuchs, "to condemn the fierce courser, because he cannot fly without the assistance of the earth whereon he bounds; or to extirpate the olive-tree, because it bears not the luscious clusters of the vine. Altho' Doubor is unable to release the fair Kalafrade, yet he may find some expedient to drive off the completion of Amurath's designs."

"Ah, faithful Doubor!" said Kalafrade, convinced of her injudicious hastiness, "forgive the wild sallies of a distempered mind; I am satisfied of your kind intentions, and I wait with impatience to hear your instruction and advice."

"The great foible of Amurath," replied the chief of the eunuchs, "is pride, and even love is subservient to the haughtiness of his soul."

"If so," answered Kalafrade, interrupting him, "I will tempt his utmost anger, and me-

rit his contempt. I will sting his proud heart with taunts and revilings, and force him to cast me forth to public scorn."

"Alas!" answered Doubor, "you know not, *beauteous Kalafrade*, the fury of *Amurath*! Such a behaviour would irritate him to invent new torments for *Sadak*, through whom he knows the heart of *Kalafrade* is soonest wounded. No, my lovely mistress, you must use far other arts, if you mean to preserve yourself unhurt in this impregnable *seraglio*. While *Amurath* thinks you love *Sadak*, no concession of your's will please him; he may, indeed, for a few hours, take a pleasure in your smiles, but his jealous heart will soon awake, and his rage against the unfortunate *Sadak* will rekindle."

"O Doubor," said *Kalafrade*, "where will your mean advice end?"

"Fear not, constant *Kalafrade*," answered the chief of the eunuchs, "I seek to deliver you even from the horrors of your own imagination. In the wide ocean is a large island, surrounded by inaccessible rocks and deceitful quicksands; in the center of which, from a rising ground, runs a small spring, whose waters are of such a nature, that whoever drinks of them, immediately forgets whatever has passed before in their lives; but these waters are beset with such unfurmountable difficulties, that no one hath ever been able to draw of that stream, though thousands have perished in the undertaking."

"When *Amurath*, then, next enters, lovely *Kalafrade*, into these apartments, appear submissive

missive and humble before him; and when he presses you to accept of his love, promise to yield to his desires, on one condition, that he procures for you the waters of oblivion, that you may forget all your former converse with Sadak, and be made fit to receive the conqueror of the earth."

"Ah, Doubor! Doubor!" answered Kalafrade, "how can I prevail upon myself, even in deceit, to speak so disrespectfully of Sadak, the beloved of my soul!—O Sadak! may I be indeed the tyrant's mistress, when my base heart forgets its lovely union with Sadak, its lord!"

"Consider, faithful consort of Sadak," answered Doubor, "what otherwise may be your doom; better it is to speak in terms of disgrace of Sadak, than to disgrace his love by suffering the wild effects of Amurath's desires."

"O Doubor!" said Kalafrade, "I had much rather submit to every lesser ill, than have my heart-strings broken by his hated embrace."

"I had not dared to have staid thus long at the feet of Kalafrade," answered Doubor, "unless Amurath had sent me to soften your heart. I will now return, and prepare him to be deceived by the request of his sultana."

"Ah, Doubor," said Kalafrade, "if you mean to serve me, never again let me hear that detested name: sultana, to me, is a worse sound to me than poverty and contempt can frame!"

The chief of the eunuchs bowed to the earth, and withdrew from the presence of Kalafrade.

The

"The tale of Doubor," said Kalafrade to herself, as the chief of the eunuchs left the room, "may be only a fertile invention to amuse and soften the rigorous sorrows of my heart; but as they cannot change my fixed resolves, I will act as though I believed them. If there is truth in his words, his device may at worst put off for a time the misfortunes I have too much reason to dread."

The mind of Kalafrade was so greatly eased by the instructions of the bird of Adiram, and the devices of Doubor the chief of the eunuchs, that on the third day she suffered the slaves to adorn her, and partook of the delicacies which were set before her.

In the evening the slaves of the seraglio warned Kalafrade of Amurath's approach; and as he entered, the beauteous wife of Sadak fell with her face to the earth.

"Kalafrade," said Amurath, "let me know, ere you rise from the earth to the blissful paradise of these arms, whether you have well weighed the difference between a slave's love and a monarch's favour; or is it necessary to compel you to be happy?"

"Light of the faithful, and lord of the earth," answered the prostrate Kalafrade, "the preference you have shewn an object unworthy of your notice, can never be sufficiently acknowledged by your slave. But, O my lord, mention not the mighty honours you mean to heap upon me, lest my dazzled fancy should totter with the towering thought, and my overcharged reflection sink into the long slumbers of eternal night."

"Blessed

“Blessed and unexpected change,” said the transported Amurath, raising up the trembling Kalafrade in haste, “what were those sweet words that I suffered to fall so soon to the earth! words valuable as the wide empire that I hold! Repeat them, beauteous Kalafrade, ten thousand thousand times in mine ears, and ask your own reward for the sweet labour I have imposed upon you.”

The continuation of the Tale of Sadak and Kalafrade.

“**A**LAS, alas!” continued Kalafrade, “what has my weak heart uttered in the ears of my prince? Can the mighty Amurath stoop to raise a peasant’s daughter? Shall the age-stricken wife of Sadak, shall the mother of a numerous family, shall the mean inhabitant of a cottage on the banks of the Bosphorus, become the favourite of Amurath, and the sultana of the Othman court? No, Kalafrade, foolish Kalafrade, Amurath laughs at thy folly, and has raised thee to this height, to make thy fall the more terrible.

“As the humble tortoise is lifted up and borne on the pinions of the eagle, till his giddy sight swim at the wide prospect around him, and then hurled suddenly downward to the pointed rock, so shall Kalafrade be raised by the mock pageants of power, till it please those who delight in her miseries to cast her forth to infamy and scorn.”

“By

"By the sacred blood of that prophet which animates me, I swear, O Kalafrade, I mean to fulfil the word I have spoken, and thou alone shalt be the sultana of my heart."

"But will the mighty Amurath consent to one request of his slave; will he bear with his Kalafrade in one petition, in which her happiness is concerned?"

"Ah, Kalafrade," said Amurath, starting, "beware of all past reflections; for if the hated Sadak be the subject of thy request, thou shalt indeed be cast to infamy and scorn."

"The name of him who has deserved Amurath's hatred," replied Kalafrade, "be far from the tongue of Kalafrade; O gracious prince, dismiss such ungenerous suspicions from your mind. But that, alas! is vain to hope, and I must still be wretched. No, mighty Amurath, expect no happiness with her, who must ever disturb thy joys with the mean thoughts of what she has been. How shall I meet my prince with the noble ardour he requires, when my poor mind shall be weighed down with the remembrance of my former meanness?"

"Ten thousand pleasures," replied Amurath, "shall hourly surround you; the sun and moon shall alike be witnesses of our eternal festivals; the dance, the song, the sprightly music, the masque, the feasts, the public shew, the private transport, shall all succeed in quick rotation, and drive from your pleased fancy every former thought. Each wish of your heart shall be so quickly gratified, your fertile mind shall toil to recollect its wants."

"Prince

"Prince of my life," answered Kalafrade, "though I must not doubt your power, nor your desire to please, yet will the mind, stretched out by the long scenes of pleasure, oft recoil upon its former self, and the sense of my unworthiness embitter the undeserved joys my prince shall fondly heap upon me."

"To prove my sincerity, and to shew you how soon I mean to gratify every thought Kalafrade forms," said Amurath, "let me hear the request of your lips; but see it glance not upon Sadak's love."

"Gracious Amurath," said Kalafrade, "forgive a slave's presumption, and I will speak."

"Speak the whole wishes of your heart," replied Amurath, "and if they are subservient to our love, though my empire were the price, I would purchase fair Kalafrade's peace."

"There is, my lord," said Kalafrade, "as I have heard, a spring, whose waters are of such a nature, that whoever drinks of them, immediately forgets what has passed before in their lives. Let my lord then swear unto his slave, that before he takes her to his arms, he procure her a draught of that pleasant stream, and then Kalafrade shall be wholly, both in body and mind, the slave of Amurath's desires."

"Rather," said Amurath, "the mistress of his heart. Yes, lovely Kalafrade, I will swear by Mahomet, our holy prophet, never to come in unto you, till I have procured you a taste of that stream, provided you can find any one, within two days, who can describe to me the place where it rises."

Ka-

Kalafrade then fell at the feet of Amurath, and said, "Thou hast made the heart of thy slave to rejoice; thou hast not only lifted her from obscurity, but thou hast renewed the streams of her life; that having lost all memory of the past, she may seek to please her lord, without diffidence at the mean thoughts of her former state."

"Beauteous Kalafrade," said the fond Amurath, "arise. Ah," said he, looking with transports upon her, "what have I done! I have prolonged my expectations, perhaps, for a week; but I have sworn by Mahomet, and I will hasten to gratify the desire of my Kalafrade."

At these words Amurath left the fair Kalafrade, inwardly rejoicing at the success of Doubor's advice, and hastened to call unto him the sage Balobor, who was acquainted with every natural production of the earth.

"Balobor," said Amurath, as the sage came into his presence, "can you describe to me the place where that spring may be found, whose waters are of such a nature, that whoever drinks of them, immediately forgets whatever passed before in his life?"

"If the mighty Amurath," answered the sage Balobor, "will permit me to return to my books, I will, ere the morning's sun, discover to my prince, if the earth produces such a spring, where it may be found."

As soon as Balobor was gone forth from the presence of Amurath, the impatient prince sent for the chief of his eunuchs, and inquired of

him where the spring of the waters of oblivion might be found!

Doubor perceived, by the questions of his lord, that Kalafrade had succeeded; but the prudent eunuch cared not to confess his knowledge of that spring, he therefore disguised his words, and said —

“Son of the faithful, thy slave has never been bred in the natural sciences; but if my lord will permit me to go in quest of the wise philosopher Balobor, he will doubtless unfold to my prince the secret spring of the waters of oblivion.”

“It is enough,” said Amurath, “faithful Doubor, Balobor has promised by to-morrow’s sun to reveal to me the fountains of oblivion.”

While Amurath was in search of the waters of oblivion, the gentle Kalafrade was in secret praising the bounteous Alla, who had for a time preserved her from the tyrant’s will.

The next morning the sage Balobor appeared in the presence of Amurath, and said —

“The waters of oblivion, O mighty Amurath, are preserved by a watchful race of Genū, in a wide-extended island, in the southern part of the Pacific Ocean. The island itself is fortified by inaccessible precipices, and beset with pointed rocks; and around it are spread insidious quicksands, to prevent the approach of any vessel, and which sinks with the weight of those who attempt to venture upon it. What dangers surround the spring, which is situated in the center of the island, none can tell; for although thousands have attempted

to seek after it, none have ever succeeded, but destruction has overwhelmed them in the very entrance of their toils."

At the words of the sage Balobor, the countenance of Amurath was overcast with frowns, and the tempest, which raged in his breast, strove for utterance in his face; but the disappointed monarch endeavoured to conceal his discontent, and retired from the apartment whither Balobor had been ordered to attend him.

Amurath, vexed and enraged at the contrivance of Kalafrade, hastened to the female seraglio, meditating vengeance on Sadak and his wife. But as he went along, a thought glanced across his imagination, and he stopped to pause on the malice his heart was framing against the innocent victims of his wrath.

"Sadak," said the monarch to himself, "the proud Sadak, still pursues his inquiries after Kalafrade; I will command him to appear in my presence, and heap the vengeance due to Kalafrade's falshood on his head."

Amurath then gave orders for his janizaries to bring Sadak before him; not by compulsion, but to consult with him, as one who had formerly experienced the favours of his lord.

The janizaries found the melancholy Sadak instructing his little ones in the village whither they had retired from the flames of his palace. They shewed him the signet of Amurath, and required his immediate attendance.

"Alas!" said the afflicted mourner, doth Amurath again mean to jest with his slave, that he calls me from this poor recess? Unless

the trumpets sound, what call hath Sadak to the courts of kings! But I obey: obedience and submission are the most welcome tributes that a slave can offer."

The janizaries having brought the wretched Sadak into the presence of Amurath, retired.

"Brave soldier," said Amurath, "hath the peaceful sloth of retirement yet unstrung your manly heart? or are you still the undaunted warrior I once knew you? Can the shrill trumpet's sound, and the hollow murmurs of the brazen cymbal, rouse the fire of war in all your soul? or are you relaxed by the soft voice of love into the inactive slumbers of a life of ease? Say, brave companion of my former toils, were Amurath again to take the field, would Sadak headlong plunge into the rapid stream? Would he, laden with war's heavy trophies, again climb the ragged precipice, or sleep on beds of snow, or stand undaunted in the bloody struggle of contending armies?"

"Dead as I am to pleasure, noble Amurath," said Sadak, "yet were my prince's voice to call me to the field, Sadak again should live in arms, and court the toils and horrors of war's bloody stage. Yes, Amurath, at thy command, this arm should fix the standards of our faith on Russia's frozen bounds, or on the burning sands of Afric's distant shore."

"Brave, noble Sadak," said the false Amurath, embracing him, "I cannot doubt your truth, though the base minions of my court have stained that name they long have envied, with their mean surmises."

"A

"A courtier's malice, mighty Amurath," replied Sadak, "is beneath a soldier's notice; and best is answered, when occasion calls, by deeds at which their dastard minds shall shudder to relate."

"Such deeds," replied the artful monarch, "Amurath hath in store for Sadak's arms to execute; deeds which wear the fiercest countenance of danger, and which none but Sadak dare to undertake."

"My prince," answered Sadak, "Sadak is ready to receive your commands; but the day is ill spent in words, when actions only can approve my worth."

"Sadak," answered Amurath, "the malicious whispers of my courtiers, concerning your worth, have much disturbed me; and I mean, to-morrow in the public divan, to give you a glorious opportunity of convincing their little souls, how greatly the soldier towers above the false advisers of the cabinet. Fail not, generous Sadak, to be present, and I will, in the sight of my whole court, require some one to stand forth, and undertake a voyage in quest of the waters of oblivion, which are guarded by every natural barrier, and the united efforts of a race of evil Genii. Then, when a tame silence follows my proposal, and the base courtiers hang their coward heads, my brave Sadak shall arise, and challenge to himself the glorious undertaking."

Sadak bowed at the words of Amurath, and said,—“Lord of the faithful, far be it from Sadak to prove unworthy of his master's love.”

The artful Amurath, having thus prepos-
sessed the mind of Sadak, went not into the
apartments of Kalafrade, but waited with great
solicitude the arrival of the next day.

As the all-diffusive light of morn appeared,
which shines alike upon the care-worn counte-
nance of the guilty wretch, and on the open
face of artless innocence, Amurath arose, im-
patient till the hour of public audience came;
when, being seated on his throne, amidst the
nobles of his court, and seeing the faithful Sa-
dak at the extremity of the divan, he thus be-
gan his deceitful speech:

“ Nobles and warriors, who, by your coun-
sels and exploits in arms, cast various lustres
on my throne, say, where shall Amurath find
that brave resolved heart, who will engage to
procure for him the waters of oblivion, which
are preserved in a far distant isle, defended by
quicksands, monstrous rocks, the perils of the
waves and flames of fire! Genii its guardians,
and all nature is combined to save it from man’s
possession.

“ Such an acquisition, nobles, would manifest
to all the earth the superiority of your monarch,
and the bravery of his subjects; who is there,
then, among your ranks, who dare hope to add
such lustre to my throne, and such honour to
himself? But speak not, nobles, unless a fixed
resolve attends your speech. To undertake
and not succeed, would wither, and not increase
the laurels we have already won in arms;
wherefore, be these the terms on which the
noble adventurer issues forth.

“ Let

"Let him be sworn not to turn back till he have the water in possession. Let him likewise forfeit his life, if he depart not in search of this water ere the remainder of this moon be worn away."

As Amurath left off speaking, a general silence succeeded, and the eyes of all were turned upon Sadak.

The noble Sadak perceiving no one offer, stood up and advanced toward the throne.

"Descendant of Mahomet, and lord of thy creatures," said Sadak, and bowed before Amurath, "behold the hand of thy slave is prepared to execute the desires of thy heart; and here I swear, in this august assembly, never to turn back till I have procured the waters; and before three days be passed, shall the face of Sadak be set toward the dangers that surround the fountain of oblivion."

"Thanks, noble Sadak," said Amurath aloud, "thanks for this proffered service which my nobles feared to undertake; and thus I swear before the face of Heaven, that when Sadak returns, I will make either him, or one of his family, the second in honour throughout my dominions."

The beguiled Sadak understood not the base meaning of his lord; but he fell at his feet, and kissed the earth whereon Amurath stood.

The chief of the eunuchs seeing the noble Sadak in the divan, passed by his side as he was retiring, and whispered, "Wait a few minutes, much injured Sadak, and I will convey into your hands the words of comfort."

Sadak

Sadak was astonished at the speech of the eunuch, and now his heart began to misgive him, and tumults rose in his breast.

Before the crowd were dissipated out of the divan, the eunuch slipped a note into Sadak's bosom, and the much-afflicted warrior retired with it to the rocks which are behind the city, and there read as follows :

"Doubor, who oweth his life to the generous interposition of thy father Elar, is distressed for his friend. Alas! noble Sadak, Kalafrade is in the royal seraglio, and Amurath is—what my hand dare not write! He alone, who has undertaken to procure the waters of oblivion, is able to enter the seraglio of Amurath. Doubor has no command with-out; but should Sadak escape through the janizaries, and scale the wall at the eastern part of the gardens, Doubor will this night watch his approach, and convey him to the wretched Kalafrade. May Alla forbid that the life which Elar saved should be sacrificed by the imprudence of Sadak."

"O Mahomet, the prophet of the just!" said Sadak, as he read the scroll of Doubor the chief of the eunuchs, "is it possible that Amurath hath done this wrong to the hand which raised him! Was it for this I covered him with the shield of strength in the day of battle! Was it for this I plunged into the rapid stream, and bore him breathless to the distant rock, when he fled from the face of his enemies to the sea of Azoph! Who reconciled Amurath to his mutinous janizaries, when, offended at his avarice, they demanded the plunder of Lepanto;

panto? Who preserved him from the fury of
 Irac, the rebellious son of Porob, who endeavoured to depose him in the seraglio of his
 ancestors? Who, but that man whom he
 hath basely robbed of all his substance, plundered of Heaven's best treasure, the lovely
 Kalafrade, and betrayed into a rash vow to
 leave the Othman empire and his just revenge,
 to seek in distant seas the various countenance
 of death! But what revenge could Sadak meditate against the blood of his prince! would
 he wish to make his private injuries the cause
 of public shame! would he strive to glut his
 malice on the ruins of the faith of Musselmen,
 and the Othman majesty! and yet, O soul of
 life! O beauteous and constant Kalafrade,
 shall Sadak undisturbed behold the afflictions
 of his love! Shall Kalafrade lift up the hand
 of supplicating virtue, and pour forth in vain
 the tears of constancy, and Sadak stand unmoved
 at the voice of the beloved! O prophet, holy prophet, whither must I turn? Not
 against my prince, for whom his slaves live!
 not against thy truth, which the blood of the
 faithful hath planted and nourished on the fertile
 plains of Europe and Asia. Must I bear
 the curses of Amurath? That is tenfold death!
 Must I rebel against one who was once my
 friend, and is still the lord of his slave?—But
 doubts are in vain. The vows I have made
 in the divan bar all other views: yet, ere I go
 a voluntary exile from the plains of the faithful,
 I will see Kalafrade, or perish by the
 hands of the slaves which surround her. She
 is mine, though the arm of power oppress
 her;

her; and Amurath, who once held the sacred vow most solemn, cannot blame that love which leads me to my lawful treasure."

These reflections fixed Sadak in his resolutions of attempting to enter the seraglio, and he returned to the city in order to procure such things as might be necessary to assist him in his undertaking.

Going to the Bezestein, he ordered an iron to be made with five hooks, and an eye in the center, and at the silk merchant's bought a cord of silk fifty feet in length; he also purchased a small iron trowel and a poniard.

Having these things in his possession, in the evening he went down to the water-side, between Pera and Constantinople, and suddenly unloosing a small boat, he launched into the gulph Keratius, and swiftly rowed to Riscula, which is on a rock, near the shore of Asia, facing the eastern part of the seraglio.

Here the determined Sadak rested on his oars, till the clouds of the night had shortened the vigilant sight of the janizaries, and the tide was fallen from the walls of the palace, when paddling toward the seraglio, he advanced in his boat within six hundred paces of the shore.

A part of the guard, who were then going round on the beach to examine the walls, halted at the noise of Sadak's oars, and made a signal for a galley which lay near them to come up.

The slaves in the galley obeyed the janizaries, and coming along side the shore, took them on board.

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The janizaries directed them to row toward the place where they imagined they heard the paddling of the oars, and in a few minutes Sadak perceived one of the sultan's galleys advancing toward him.

The bold Sadak, pleased at the success of his stratagem, gently glided out of the boat into the water, and diving wide of the galley, sometimes rising for breath, and at other times continuing to strike forward under the water, he in a short time reached the shore, and landed between Sera Burni and the gate Topcapu, through which his beloved was hurried by the slaves of the seraglio.

Sadak, knowing his time might not be wasted (as the janizaries finding no one in the boat would soon return to the shore) immediately pulled out the iron with five hooks, and the silken cord, and fastening them together, he threw the hook over the wall, which catching on the top by means of the silken cord, Sadak raised himself up on the wall; then again fixing the hook on the inner side, in such a manner as he might loosen it from the wall, by shaking the cord backward and forward, he quickly descended into the gardens of the seraglio, and unhitching the iron from the wall with a few shakes of the cord, he took out his trowel, and buried them in the earth; then hastening toward the thicket of small trees and shrubs, he hid himself therein.

Here Sadak had time to recollect his thoughts; but he was hardly covered by the bushes before he heard the galley on the opposite side of the wall strike against the shore, and could distinguish

distinguish the voices of the janizaries descending from its sides.

By their conversation he learned, that they were alarmed at finding a boat without any one in it; and as they hastened toward the gate Topcapu, he doubted not but they would shortly raise the guards of the seraglio.

In the midst of these thoughts Sadak heard the fall of feet approaching toward him, and presently one drew near the bushes, and was entering into the very place where Sadak was concealed.

Although the frame of Sadak was more disturbed at the approach of the stranger than it had ever been in the field of blood, yet he neglected not to draw his poniard; and as the stranger entered among the bushes, he seized him, and was about to strike the steel into his heart, when Doubor cried out, O Sadak, destroy not thy friend."

The spirits of Sadak having been hurried by the noise of the janizaries, made him forget the appointment of Doubor to meet him in the garden; but when he perceived it was the grateful eunuch, he dropped the poniard on the earth, and said:—

"O friend of my bosom! forgive the fears and the distraction of the miserable Sadak, who in mad fury had nearly sacrificed his comforter, and driven the poniard of suspicion into the breast of the tender-hearted Doubor!"

"Noble Sadak!" answered the chief of the eunuchs, "I wonder not at your suspicions; it is an hard task for the brave to dissemble, or
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for the generous warrior to descend to the dark
 deeds of a midnight robber: but let us hasten
 toward the seraglio; yet before we issue forth
 out of this thicket, let me help to dress your-
 self in the habit of a mute; the garments are
 hidden in the thicket behind, and I was coming
 to seek whether they were safe against your ar-
 rival, when you seized me by the arm."

Sadak was pleased at the proposal of the
 chief of the eunuchs, and stripping himself, he
 left his own garments concealed in the thicket,
 and putting on the mute's habit, followed Dou-
 bor toward the female seraglio.

Doubor advancing toward the seraglio, made
 sign for the eunuchs which were placed at
 the gates to retire, and entering, he bid his
 mute follow him to the apartments of Kala-
 frade.

The joy of Sadak at the thoughts of again
 viewing his beloved, and his fears lest any un-
 fortunate disaster should discover him, raised
 alternate storms in his breast; but the mighty
 warrior concealed in his countenance the strong
 passions which beset his heart.

After passing through several galleries, the
 chief of the eunuchs arrived at the apartment
 of the beautiful Kalafrade, and was about to
 enter, when he perceived royal sandals at the
 door.

Doubor started back at the sight.

"O Mahomet!" said he, in a whisper, "Amu-
 ath has risen in the dead of night, and entered
 to Kalafrade's apartment."

The words of Doubor was as deadly poison
 to the heart of Sadak; the cold hand of death
 chilled

chilled his astonished blood, and his weak nature could scarcely sustain the mighty shock.

“O Doubor! Doubor!” said the wretched son of Elar, “support my conflicting frame; O Doubor, I am unable to bear this ten-fold death!—Ah, tyrant!—Ah, my friend!—if I strike, thou must perish! if I withhold my arm—O wretched Sadak, wander not into that hell of thought. O Mahomet, O Alla, have I deserved this torture? If I have, strike with thy merciful thunder this rebellious heart; if not, strengthen and support the wretch whom thou art pleased to load with, ills past human thought! O that I were a worm, to be trodden under a giant’s foot! O that I were a toad, and my food corruption! that I were a camel in the desert, or an ass in the mill! that I were aught but Sadak, the accursed of his prophet.”

As the miserable Sadak thus poured out his griefs in the bosom of his friend, the affrighted Doubor pressed his head, and covered it with the folds of his garment, that the voice of the wretched Sadak might not pierce the walls of the apartment, and raise the suspicion of Amurath: but the utmost precaution could not prevent the sighs of Sadak, whose wounded and afflicted soul was as the wearied boar of the forest, when pierced with the darts and javelins of a thousand hunters.

In the midst of his sighs the door of the apartment opened, Amurath came forth, and Sadak, leaving the bosom of Doubor, fell with his face toward the earth.

"Doubor," said the sultan, "where hast thou been, and where are thy guards? Who is that mute whom thou didst cherish in thy bosom? And why art thou here in the dark noon of night?"

"Lord of princes," answered Doubor, "when my master retired to his sofa, I went to examine the guard of eunuchs, and to see that thy slaves were faithful to their trust; and at my return, perceiving that my lord had risen, I called this mute to me, unwilling to disturb my sultan with the feet of his guards, and followed thee to the apartment of the ever-blooming Kalafrade. But as I tarried here, waiting lest my lord should have any command for his slave to execute, the poor mute fell sick, and in pity I took him to my bosom; as I have learned from the kindness which my lord shews his slaves, to copy as far as my poor and weak capacity will permit, the bright virtues of the favourite of Alla."

"Doubor," said Amurath, "I commend your care; but since the slave is ill, let him be sent to Kalafrade to nurse; the haughty fair-one despises my condescending love, and the embraces of the son of Othman are grievous to the slave of Sadak; wherefore, Doubor, see you place this slave on the sofa of Kalafrade, and let her fancy him her lover, till she fling her proud arms around him, and call him Sadak and her lord."

The heart of Doubor rejoiced at the words of Amurath, but he concealed his joy and said;

“Will the glory of the Othman race suffer me to attend him to the apartments of my sultan?”

“Doubor,” said Amurath sternly, “have I said, and shall I recall my words! Slave obey me instantly, and force this wretch into Kalafrade’s arms.”

The chief of the eunuchs laying his hand upon his breast, bowed down and said:

“The will of Amurath is the law of his slave.”

No sooner was Amurath gone than the chief of the eunuchs raised up Sadak, and said:

“Son of Elar, friend of my bosom, first in my esteem, arise and perform the commands of Amurath.”

“Yes, faithful, generous Doubor, thou art the balsam of peace to my wounded soul, thou ray of Heaven on the spirits of the afflicted, I will arise, and bless the Great Fountain of happiness, for the merciful change he has wrought in my favour. Now, Doubor, I am more than Amurath! I am about to enjoy a paradise from which, O Alla, grant the blood of Othman be for ever barred. While the emperor of the world retires to a discontented sophism, Sadak shall revel in the rich pastures of unfeigned pleasure. But why do I delay to see Kalafrade; if life is short, how fleeting are the joys of life!”

At these words Doubor interposed.

“Permit me, O fortunate Sadak,” said he, “to go first into Kalafrade, and prepare his delicate frame for your reception, lest the strong tide of returning happiness overpower him.”

her nature, and faintness or death again snatch her from the embrace of her beloved."

The tender Sadak acquiesced in the reasons of the chief of the eunuchs, and Doubor hastened to impart to Kalafrade the arrival of her beloved.

After a few minutes Doubor returned, and entered with Sadak into the female apartments.

As the happy Kalafrade beheld the features of her lord under the disguise of a mute, she sprang forward, her eyes enlivened by the transports of her heart, and with a fond surprise, half fearful, half over-joyed, she pressed him in her arms.

"Ah, lovely Sadak," said she, "joy of my soul, master of my thoughts, life of my heart, and guardian of my honour, how have I panted for this blessed embrace! O how has thy Kalafrade sighed and despaired at thy absence! I have been, my Sadak, like the shriek-owl in the wilderness; I have been, my Sadak, like the widowed dove! but now am I as the deer which bounds on the sunny plain; as the bird which sips the dew of the morning among the blossoms of the orange-grove!"

"O fond and constant Kalafrade," answered Sadak, "how has my heart sought thee in solitude, and found thee not! I have been, my Kalafrade, as the coward in the day of battle; as the warrior disarmed by the treachery of his foe; as the lion in the toils of the hunters; as the leopard surrounded by the flood; but now am I like the man of valour, who bestrides his foe; like the conqueror in the day of tri-

umph; but now am I as the tyger springing on his prey, as the lusty eagle on the clouds of Heaven. Ah! what have I said in the fulness of my heart! Amurath is now the master of Kalafrade, and perhaps I am enfolded in those arms which are yet stained with the embrace of thy sultan! Kalafrade is no more the wife of Sadak, but the sultana of the Othman race."

"Unjust and cruel Sadak," replied the fond Kalafrade, "how has thine heart invented the accusations of falsehood! Can I, O Sadak, be false to my lord? Had Kalafrade ever a wish, in which her Sadak held not the chief account!"

"But how, O Kalafrade," said the suspicious Sadak, "how has female weakness been capable of withstanding the glittering tyranny of the son of Othman, who, if he failed to draw thee to his purpose by the costly parade of his seraglio, could yet compel thee to receive his embraces?"

"Lovely master of my thoughts," answered Kalafrade, "our prophet hath heard my prayer, and the bird of Adiram hath poured the balsam of comfort into my afflicted soul. Nay more, the generous and grateful Doubor also hath whispered in my ears the words of consolation, and by the advice of him whom Elar thy father preserved from destruction, has Kalafrade triumphed over the wiles of Amurath."

As the beauteous Kalafrade uttered these words, the countenance of Doubor, the chief of the eunuchs, fell; but Kalafrade was so in-

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tent on contemplating her long-lost lord, that she perceived not the anxious face of the generous Doubor.

"And by what stratagem," said Sadak, eagerly, "hath Kalafrade rescued herself from the power of Amurath?"

"Monarch of my affections," answered Kalafrade, "I challenge not the honour of the device, it is to Doubor's prudence that I owe my safety; he opened to me the cause of his friendship for the son of Elar, and advised me, when Amurath should again return to me, that I should use him deceitfully, and engage him by a vow not to come near me, till he should procure for me the waters of oblivion."

"And what concession," said the stern Sadak, "has Kalafrade made the sultan Amurath, to obtain from him the mighty and important vow?"

"Alas! noble Sadak," said Doubor interposing, "the wary sultan hath turned our toils upon ourselves, and we are caught in the snare which was laid for the foot of Amurath."

"What, Doubor," replied the astonished Kalafrade, "what doth thy ominous tongue, and the stern front of my offended lord, portend? Ah! said you not that Amurath hath entangled us? Hath he, then, faithful Doubor, made a false use of my soothing words? Hath he defiled my honour by loose hints? Now, on my soul, brave Sadak, the tyrant lies; never, never, in word or thought, hath Kalafrade injured her lord; and I call the great Alla and the spirits of the just to witness, Amurath,

rath, the vile Amurath, hath never approached the arms of Sadak's wife."

"Peace, gentle and much-injured fair-one," said Doubor, "and dissipate, brave Sadak, the cloud on thy brow. Kalafrade never has, nor can yield to Amurath's desires, nor hath the prince pretended to boast of joys he never knew: no, constant pair, Amurath, though furious in his revenge, is just and perfect in his speech, and would as quickly throw off the state of his empire as falsify his oath. But briefly thus it is, sweet mistress of brave Sadak's heart:—The sultan, nettled at your request, when he found it would prevent him for a long season from using force to compel you, cast about how he might make your imagined security as irksome to yourself as it was forbidding to him; and therefore he has engaged your unsuspecting lord, by a firm oath, to seek for him the waters of oblivion, and never to return to the Othman empire, till he bring with him the produce of that inaccessible fountain."

"What!" said the affrighted Kalafrade, "what are the words which have escaped the lips of the generous Doubor!—Look on me, O Sadak, thou much-injured lord! Look on her, who by a mean device, hath heaped eternal afflictions on thy heart! O curse on this tongue, on this heart, on this head, which have all been the wretched instruments of Sadak's banishment! Ah, bird of Adiram! Ah, sweet-spoken Doubor! see you not the poison that lurks under the tongue of the adder! See
you

you not the flames which lie beneath the verdant surface of the burning Santorini!

"O Sadak, Sadak, rather let me run to Amurath, and satisfy his brutal appetite, than Sadak shall wander amidst ten thousand deaths. The treacherous sands, my love, will sink with thee; evil Genii will hurl thee from the summit of their rocks! thy wretched carcase shall be cast upon an unknown shore! the vultures of the air, and the monsters of the deep, shall feast on my beloved! and the wild ungoverned Amurath, fearless of thy arm, ravage the poor remains of thy Kalasrade's beauty!"

"Rather," said Sadak, "shall this arm hurl instant vengeance on the tyrant's head, and all the blood of Othman perish, than ever Kalasrade shall be stained with Amurath's unhallowed touch."

"Ah! furious Sadak," answered the chief of the eunuchs, "what mean the black resolves of thy rebellious arm? But think not Doubor intends to stand a tame spectator of thy malice? faithful to my lord in every just command, through me must the base Sadak reach the heart of Amurath. But moderate your rage, bold man, and know, though Doubor love not every deed of Amurath's, yet will he never prove a traitor to his life. While Sadak means no more than to recover his Kalasrade, I am bound by gratitude and justice to espouse his cause; but if his murderous, traitorous heart aim at his prince's life, both gratitude and justice call me then to Amurath's defence."

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"Generous Doubor," answered Sadak, "I justly stand rebuked; I were indeed a wretch, when holy Othman's race is near extinct, to rob our faith of its last royal leader; no, faithful eunuch, the man who out of private malice gives confusion to his country, and subverts its peace, deserves not pity nor relief."

"Are these, then," replied Kalasrade in tears, "the virtuous resolutions of a patriot, to give up private happiness to public tyranny? For what were Othman's race decreed to rule, but for the safety of the faithful? And if a tyrant violate unchecked each social duty, it is he first robs his subjects of their peace. But thou, O Sadak, art a noble patriot; thou canst unconcerned behold thy palace flaming, and thy wife torn from thy arms to fate a tyrant's palate; thou canst with meanness crouch before a puny lord, in aught but pomp inferior to thyself, and call his vile unhallowed lust the unalterable law which Alla sanctifies, and Mahomet approves. Such then be Sadak's love, and such his vowed pretension of Kalasrade's honour; but hear me, prophet of the Just, and thou, pure, Heavenly Being, spotless and holy God! Thou, who canst protect the weakest with thy mighty arm, O give me strength to save that chastity which cruel Sadak dares not justify, and makes thy trembling votary the instrument of vengeance on the tyrant's head."

"O beauteous and much-injured Kalasrade!" answered Sadak, "rather pray that Mahomet would fortify thy Sadak's heart, and teach

teach him, in this doubtful path, his duty to Kalafrade and his prince."

"Alas!" interrupted Doubor, the chief of the eunuchs, "I hoped this interview would have administered comfort to the hearts of Sadak and Kalafrade; but passion, alas! has consumed the short moments that belonged to love, for now in the east are hung the banners of approaching day, and the faint purple light, reflected from the distant clouds, warns our retreat. Come, noble Sadak, let us leave the beauteous fair, in full assurance that Alla will prevent the worst ill you dread, and save Kalafrade spotless till her lord's return."

"Leave her, O Doubor!" answered Sadak, looking with wild ecstasy on his beloved wife; "whom am I to leave!"

"Brave and resolved chief," interrupted Kalafrade, "thy master wants thy wife, and thou must yield her to his furious will! Retire, then, noble Sadak, for Amurath approaches with the wild eye of lust, and passion heats his blood to fold Kalafrade with his warm embrace! Retire, my Sadak, to some convenient spot, where safely hidden from the flashes of thy sultan's amorous rage, thou mayest be a duteous and submissive witness of thy master's pleasures! Yes," continued the distracted Kalafrade, "thou shalt view my tender frame convulsed, and see these arms, which oft have folded Sadak, stretched beneath the imperial rack of *righteous* Othman's power."

"O Sadak," interrupted Doubor, "one moment more, and all is lost! O Kalafrade,
if

if Sadak ere deserved thy love, dismiss him hence, and save thyself, thy lord, and me, from ruin."

"What," replied the wild Kalafrade, folding her noble Sadak in her arms, "wilt thou bereave me of this polished shaft on whom I twine, and after crush me with the ponderous mafs of Amurath? No, base eunuch, it is here alone Kalafrade lives; and Sadak lost, my own weak female arm will set me free from Amurath's embrace."

"To leave thee now," replied Sadak, "were to give thee up a prey to tyranny and lust: no, Kalafrade, let the tyrant come, we will disappoint his malice, and both at once seek peace beyond the gates of death."

It was in vain that Doubor attempted to interrupt the vehemence of Sadak and Kalafrade; forgetful of themselves, or of the hazard of their friendly eunuch, they folded each other in mutual embraces, and seemed resolved that nothing more should part them.

The distressed eunuch finding every remonstrance in vain, departed from the apartments of Kalafrade, and hastened to the chambers of the sultan.

Sadak and Kalafrade, without perceiving the chief of the eunuchs had left them, continued entranced in each other's arms, and calling Alla and Mahomet to witness their mutual constancy and truth.

In the midst of these passionate expressions, the bird of Adiram entered the windows of the palace, and perching on the shoulder of Sadak,

Sadak,

Sadak, thus delivered his message to the astonished pair:

"To comfort the afflicted is the delight of our race, and the inhabitants of Heaven stoop with pleasure to the children of earth, when mercy calls them down: for this cause came the voice of consolation to Kalafrade; when the evils of tyranny beset her, Adiram also, the servant of Mahomet, watched over the afflicted fair one, and gave to Doubor the feelings of compassion. By his counsels was Amurath engaged in an inviolable oath, to abstain from his base purpose, till the waters of oblivion were obtained, and Sadak, by his assistance, was again blessed with the sight of his Kalafrade.

"How have ye, wretched pair, perverted these kind purposes of Adiram! and where is that fortitude which first recommended you to the tutelage of our immortal race! by an ill-judged perseverance, you have changed a virtuous constancy into a vicious passion; and neglecting both the bonds of friendship and the commands of Mahomet, you have nearly sacrificed Doubor to your folly, and yourselves to the idle dreams of uncurbed love. Love is a heavenly appetite, planted in the human species, to beget in them social harmonies; it melts and subdues the savage heart, as the stubborn ore is softened in the refiner's vessel; and when regulated by religion, it is ever protected by Alla and his prophet; but blessings in the cup of the unrighteous are as the dregs of Heaven's wrath; and appetite, when it

overcomes reason and religion, is as the vassal of sin; though Alla hath taught you to submit, and bear with patience the evils of life, ye have listened to the phantasies of love, and in the bravery of your hearts, resolved to pass together to the gates of death. What then are ye, foolish pair, that ye should have dominion over that life which Alla breathed into the clay-formed tabernacles of your unanimated flesh? Or where is the fortitude of flying like cowards from the face of danger, to the silent grave? Yet know, while Alla reigns, no evil shall befall the sons of infirmity, but such as patiently endured may work their future good; and therefore to the Just One alone it appertaineth to dismiss from the service of life, or to continue his children in the trials of affliction.

“ Thus saith Adiram, the Genius of Sadak and Kalafrade, who is now compelled by the law of fate, to leave her pupils to the miseries they have entailed upon themselves.”

The bird of Adiram uttered no more, but flew on the elastic surface of the air into the gardens of the palace, while the tender Kalafrade sunk in tears on the bosom of her astonished Sadak.

The bird was no sooner gone forth, than Sadak heard the feet of a multitude in the gallery; and the doors of the apartment immediately bursting open, the guards of the seraglio entered, and seized on the unhappy pair.

Sadak, unmindful of himself, endeavoured to defend his beloved; and though oppressed

numbers, yet he fell upon the eunuch who held his Kalafrade, and tore him to the ground.

But the resistance of Sadak was vain, the guards parted him from Kalafrade, and loaded him with chains.

As soon as Sadak was secured by the guards, the chief of the eunuchs appeared at the door of the apartment.

"Slaves," said he aloud, "is the vile miscreant Sadak, who hath entered the sacred walls of Amurath's seraglio, seized?"

"He is, great Doubor," answered the guards; the chain of death is on him, and we wait but for your commands to send his soul amongst those who rebel against their prince."

"Hold, slave," replied Doubor, "and secure him, unhurt, till the mighty Amurath approach."

Sadak was confounded at the appearance and behaviour of Doubor, and Kalafrade wished to load him with reproach; but she feared she might incur the censures of Adiram, as she knew not as yet by what means her lord was discovered.

Ere long the music of the seraglio sounded; and Doubor, the chief of the eunuchs, perceiving that Amurath was near, hastened to receive him.

"Prince of my life," said the chief of the eunuchs, as the royal Amurath came forward with the deadly frown on his brow, "thy slaves have secured the enemy of thy peace."

"Faithful Doubor," replied Amurath, "I commend thy zeal: but where is this vile

miscreant, who presumes to invade the recesses of Amurath's seraglio?"

"Here tyrant," said the stern Sadak, "if the oppressor dare look upon his injured—"

The guards who had secured Sadak, perceiving by his speech that he meant to insult their sultan, stopped with their hands all farther utterance, and gagged him with a bit of iron.

The wretched Kalafrade seeing her lord in such distress, broke from the guards (who held her but slightly, fearing the same fate which befel the black slave, should Amurath relent, (and clasping the much-injured Sadak in her arms—

"Vile slaves," said she, "unhand my lord!" Then bursting into tears, "O Sadak, noble Sadak," continued she, "joy of my soul, and fountain of my life! How have these wretches dared deform thy noble image with their bonds of iron! Why didst thou not frown, my love, and fix them motionless with awe and fear! What is this puny Amurath, and all his guards, against the noble efforts of thy uplifted arm! Alas, alas, my Sadak, they have bound you while you slept with ignominious chains, and now the tyrants laugh at your distress!"

As the wild Kalafrade uttered these incoherent words, the guards and Doubor stood in fixed amazement, fearing to interpose, or use the fair one roughly, and yet alarmed at her bold speech.

Nor was the sultan less confounded than his guards; each word she uttered stung him to the
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the soul, and yet her glowing beauties enlivened by her distress, and the tumultuous workings of her lovely frame, so strongly affected Amurath, that his lips refused to give forth the commands of his heart.

But seeing the beauteous Kalafrade endeavouring to embrace her lord, his fury returned, and he cried aloud :—

“Base eunuch, secure the mad female from polluting herself with that wretch she dare prefer to Amurath.—And, slaves,” continued the enraged sultan, “your lives shall answer for your base neglect, in not destroying the rebellious Sadak.”

The chief of the eunuchs having secured the distressed Kalafrade, gave her into the custody of the eunuchs, and then he commanded the guards to put the bow-string upon Sadak.

The wild, miserable Kalafrade, at sight of the bow-string, screamed aloud, and fell into the arms of the eunuchs; her fixed eyes were dilated with madness, and her teeth shook with the agonies of death.

Amurath saw the affecting change with wild emotion, and fearful lest the soul of Kalafrade should escape, ordered the slaves to release Sadak from the bow-string.

“Slothful Doubor,” said Amurath, “hasten to my Kalafrade’s assistance; for, by the Ottoman faith I swear, ye all shall follow if my fair one perish.”

The attempts of Doubor and his attendants were vain; Kalafrade continued entranced, and Amurath in despair ordered Sadak to be

released, that he might endeavour to recover his Kalafrade from her alarming trance.

As soon as the guards had unbound Sadak, and released his mouth, they signified to him the sultan's orders, and led him toward the motionless Kalafrade.

"Happy Kalafrade," said the brave Sadak, "I trust ere this the prophet of the faithful hath delivered thee from the tyrant's power; if not, Sadak will not disturb thy fleeting spirit: proceed, thou divine spirit of innocence and virtue, toward thy eternal mansion, and let not the rude breath of Sadak's voice divert thee from thy righteous course."

"Ah, blessed Alla!" said the faint Kalafrade, reviving at her Sadak's well-known voice, "where am I; in what blissful seat hast thou placed me, where the sweet music of my Sadak's voice sings comfort to my soul? Ah, surely the trance of death is passed, and I am far removed from Amurath and all his curses!"

"Unfortunate Kalafrade," said Sadak, starting, "art thou again returned from the sweet sleep of death, to new-invented scenes of misery? Then bind me, slaves, again, and fix the bow-string to my neck: once more, thou virtuous partner of my heart, I call thy faithful soul away.—Tyrant, release me from the world, for now I know Kalafrade will not stay behind."

"No, proud rebel," said Amurath, when Kalafrade's life at stake, thy being is of trivial moment: at present live, that she may live for whom life's only sweet. But I de-

mean my royalty in holding speech with such a slave.—Doubor, separate these stubborn spirits, and for Kalafrade's sake, let Sadak, though confined, want not life's comfort. But eunuch, watch with steady eye my beauteous sultana, supply her wants unbidden, yet on your life take care her frantic wildness is not suffered to prey upon herself: and, Doubor, when these things are executed according to the will of thy lord, let me see thee in the palace of pictures."

At these words the sultan Amurath retired, and Doubor, having executed his commission, hastened to meet his lord.

"Faithful eunuch," said Amurath, as he entered, "I am pleased at thy contrivance; it had been dangerous, as thou well observest, to have seized on Sadak, the favourite of the janizaries, in the public face of day; but now, by thy artifice, his life is forfeit, and the silent bow-string will, unheard, release me from this enemy of my love. Wherefore I mean, that before to-morrow's sun survey the wide-extended Othman empire, my faithful Doubor, with a few attendants, seize on his forfeit life."

"Lord of the Othman empire," answered Doubor, "I shall obey the law of thy mouth."

"But Doubor," said Amurath, "one circumstance still hangs upon my doubtful mind.

You say this Sadak entered the seraglio by your advice; yet, Doubor, what need was there to bring him in the silent hour of midnight to Kalafrade's apartment; to have detected him in our royal gardens were sufficient:

Dou-

Doubor, the thought breeds anguish in my soul; besides, traitor, thou leddest him as a mute into Kalafrade's arms! slave, slave, thou lyest, and Amurath is betrayed."

"Most enlightened of musselmen," answered Doubor, "the slave that dared attempt to deceive my lord might justly tremble, as nothing can escape thy penetrating eye. Alas! had ignorant Doubor the judgement of the father of the faithful, I had assuredly done as thou hast said; but foolishly hoping to do more, I have nearly forfeited the esteem of my sultan."

"What more didst thou mean, vain man, to execute?" said Amurath, somewhat softened.

"Mighty Amurath," answered the chief of the eunuchs, "when first I brought the disguised Sadak from the gardens of the seraglio, I asked the deceitful slave, whether he would yield Kalafrade to thy arms, if Amurath would vest him with a vizir's honours: to which he yielded a pretended assent, and he assured me he would engage Kalafrade to receive thy embrace, the moment she was convinced of his exaltation.

"Allured by this promise, I led him to the fair-one's apartment; and as I hoped the consequence would be grateful to my sultan, I neglected to inform thee of Sadak's presence, till I had heard the issue of his conference with Kalafrade. But when I had brought the deceitful slave before her, unmindful of his promise, he attempted to pour forth a love-tale at her feet; upon which I hastened to inform thee

thee of his presence, and the guards of the seraglio soon secured the deceitful wretch."

"Since, then, he values love beyond the honours of the Othman state," said Amurath, "let him fall a sacrifice to love. Doubor, dispatch him instantly; each moment that he lives increases my disquiet: but remember his breath in secret pass, that not a sigh contaminate the air to wound Kalafrade's peace."

No sooner was Doubor gone than the wavering Amurath began to repent that he had sent him.

"How am I divided," said he, "by love and honour! without the waters of oblivion are obtained, my sacred oath prevents all intercourse with Kalafrade! and if Sadak dies, who shall be able to surmount the dangers that environ the fountains of oblivion!"

"Guards," said the anxious sultan, "call back the slave Doubor; stop his officious haste, and bring him here before thy prince."

The chief of the eunuchs returned.

"Peace," said he, "be to the mighty Amurath, and may all his foes perish from before him."

"What, wretched eunuch," said Amurath, hastily, "is Sadak numbered with the dead?"

"The word of my lord," replied Doubor, "was pressing, and thy slave hastened to obey thy command; but being recalled so suddenly by the guards, I stopped the slaves who drew the bow-string, and Sadak on his knees expects his doubtful fate."

"Then all is well," replied Amurath, "for I mean not, Doubor, to destroy the doating wretch,

wretch, through whom alone (such has been thy master's folly) must Amurath hope to reach Kalafrade's beauties."

"Alas," replied Doubor, the chief of the eunuchs, "thy slave doth oft reflect upon the oath which robs my sultan of the haughty fair one."

"Yet Doubor, think not," continued Amurath, "that, Christian-like, I mean to break my faith where interest or occasion tempt; no, I have bound this happy and luxurious Sadak to draw his own destruction from the fountains of oblivion; and now if he fail to execute the vow, his life is justly forfeit, and Kalafrade at our own disposal. Wherefore, Doubor, let a ship be prepared to convey him to that distant island where the waters of oblivion are concealed."

"Lord of the Othman race," answered Doubor, "I shall haste to obey thy will; nevertheless, if the weakness of Doubor's understanding might be permitted to unfold itself in the sight of my prince, I would wish my lord appointed some one on whom he might depend, as master of the ship in which the rebel Sadak sails. For well thou knowest, mighty father of muskmen, that Sadak is beloved in the army, and the admirals of the fleet look on him with partial eyes. Was it not, O light of the world, in the insurrection of the jahizaries, the month of Muharrem, that Sadak only was sufficient to appease the tumult? He then was faithful to his lord; but now he leaves Kalafrade in thy possession, I fear his fierce, unconquerable soul may easily be led aside from his obedience."

"Then,

"Then, Doubor," answered Amurath, "let him perish ; for I will bear no rival in my power, or in my love ; yet surely, Doubor, the soul of Sadak will not break through those bonds his faith hath formed ; ere to-morrow's sun new gilds the Hellespont, his vow must urge him to depart."

"True, prince of the faithful," answered Doubor, "nor need you fear a rival in this Sadak, whose pale glimmering glories are enlivened only by the favour of Amurath."

"Well, then," replied the sultan, "since his courage is necessary for our repose, to your care, faithful eunuch, I commit him ; and let him haste away, for Amurath's love ill brooks the tortures of suspense."

END OF VOL. IV.

"Then,

